THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1864.

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☞ We commenced in THE POST of January 2nd a new story by that celebrated writer, MRS. WOOD, author of "EAST LYNNE," "VERNER'S PRIDE," &c.

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TERMS.—Our terms are the same as those for that well known weekly paper THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *seventeen years*—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2; Two copies, $3; Four copies, $6; Eight copies (and one *gratis*), $12; Twenty (and one *gratis*), $28. One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE POST, $3.

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☞ Editors inserting the above will be entitled to an exchange.

☞ INTERESTING PROBLEM.—Given—any two servant-girls in a neighborhood gossipping—to find—the conversation lasting sixty seconds without the occurrence of the following sentence—"*So sez she to me, sez she.*"

☞ About three thousand barrels of Irish moss is gathered annually at Scituate, Mass. It is worth, at first hands, from $5 to $6 per barrel.

ALONE IN THE TWILIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

There's a mist on the mountain-tops,
Dewy and clear,
Half veiling the stars
As they trembling appear;
And a low-whispered murmur
Comes up from the sea,
Where alone in the twilight
I'm dreaming of thee.

No one sees my blushes,
The wind on my cheek,
Will never reveal
The soft words I may speak;
The silent bat, winging
Its way through the skies,
Will not whisper I mingle
Thy name with my sighs;
And the sea—why the sea
Is so silent and deep,
All secrets are buried
Its bosom may keep;
So come gentle fancies,
No harm can there be,
If alone in the twilight,
I dream, love, of thee.

The thoughts are so pleasant,
They come with a smile,
As I look o'er the blue waves
For many a mile,
To where in the distance
The ships dim and white
Spread their sails as they vanish
Away in the night;
Ah, many an hour
Might be sadder for me,
Than this in the twilight, love,
Dreaming of thee.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYATT," "SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR," "THE MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART XIV.

NEAL'S DISMAY.

Dr. Davenal and Mr. Cray went forth together. Outside the hall door, stood Julius Wild. It now wanted twenty minutes to seven. The infirmary pupil had arrived a quarter of an hour before, and had waited patiently ever since to be let in. He had rung the bell in vain. In the confusion and distress of the house, it had perhaps not been heard, certainly had not been attended to. His rings had been but gentle ones: Julius Wild knew better than to make a noise at a house when illness was inside it: and he waited quietly enough, wondering whether the servants were asleep, whether Lady Oswald was worse, and believing the doctors had not yet arrived.

When they came forth, he was excessively surprised, marvelling greatly at his non-admittance.

"I have been ringing this quarter of an hour," he said, by way of explanation and apology. "I can't think what the servants can have been about."

"What have *you* been about?" thundered Mark Cray, giving way to anger, although he had come straight from the presence of the dead.

Mr. Wild was astonished.

"I say, sir, I have been waiting here. I have been here this quarter of an hour, and could not get let in."

"And, pray, what kept you? Why were you not here to time?"

"I was here to time, sir," was the deprecating answer; and the young man marvelled much what had so put out his good-tempered medical master. "You told me to be here a little before half-past six, sir, and I got here five minutes before it."

Then began that dispute which was never satisfactorily settled: each, to this very day, believing himself to be in the right. Mr. Cray held to it that he had told him half-past five; Julius Wild earnestly protested he had said half-past six. The wrangling continued for some minutes, or rather the difference of opinion, for of course the pupil did not presume to wrangle with his superior. A few sharp words from Mark, peremptorily ordering him to hold his tongue, concluded it.

The young man walked close by the two doctors, just a little behind them—for they had been walking down from Lady Oswald's all along, had not stayed for one minute at the door. He had wondered at first whether the operation had taken place, and why they should leave the house just about the time fixed for it: now that he heard of this misapprehension with regard to the hour, he supposed it was over, and that Mr. Cray's vexation arose from the fact of his not having arrived for it. But he was a young man of curiosity, fond of sociability in a general way and of asking questions, so he thought he would ask one now, and make sure.

"Is the operation over, sir?"

"Yes," curtly answered Mark.

"Was it successful?"

"When did you ever know Dr. Davenal unsuccessful?" retorted Mr. Cray. "*That* was successful enough."

It never occurred to Julius Wild that the stress upon the word "that" implied, or could imply, that, though the operation had been successful, something else was not. Perhaps it was half a subterfuge in Mark Cray to have said it. The young man asked no more questions. Finding himself so snubbed, he desisted, and walked behind in silence. Neither of them told the unhappy truth to him. Dr. Davenal may have been too pained, too shocked to speak; and Mark Cray's conscience too suggestive. Nay, Dr. Davenal may not have seen his way clear to speak at all. If he was to conceal the culpability of Mark Cray, the less he opened his mouth upon the point, even by a word, the better.

Suddenly Mark turned round.

"You are not wanted, Mr. Wild. There's nothing more to-night."

The young man took the hint at once, wished them good-evening, and walked off to the Infirmary, there to leave certain articles that he had been carrying. He observed that Dr. Davenal, usually so courteous, never answered him, never gave him the good evening in reply to his.

The two surgeons walked on in silence. The streets were nearly deserted; and the sound of praise and prayer came upon their ears from the lighted places of worship as they passed them. The evening was a warm one, and the doors of the churches and chapels stood open. They never spoke a word one to the other. Mark Cray felt as he had probably never felt in his life,—ashamed, repentant, grieved, humble. He was guilty of the blood of a fellow-creature. *He* called it a "mistake." A mistake in one sense it undoubtedly was, but a wicked and a wilful one. Dr. Davenal felt it to be both: felt that the giving of the chloroform stealthily, in direct opposition to his expressed opinion, deserved a worse name: and, though he had promised not to betray Mark, he could not just yet subdue his own feelings, and speak to him in a friendly tone. Thus in silence they reached the doctor's gate.

"Good-night," said he, turning in at it.

"Good-night," replied Mark, continuing his way. But—and he felt it—there had been no invitation to him to enter, no pleasant look, no shake of the hand.

Neal was at the door, airing himself and watching the scanty passers-by in the dusky street. The Sunday arrangements were good at Dr. Davenal's; each servant being expected to attend public worship twice in a general way. Neal's times were morning and evening, and Dr. Davenal inquired why he was not at church.

"It was Jessy's evening at home, sir, but she had word sent her that her father was taken very ill; so I offered to stay in for her while she went to see him."

Of course there was no objection to be made to that; Neal had done right. Dr. Davenal went into his study, and lifted his hat from his brow as if a heavy weight were there. He had no light, save what came in from the street gas lamp.

He leaned against the window in thought. Two hours before, Lady Oswald had been, so to say, as full of life as he was, and now—dead. Killed. There was no mincing the matter to himself; she had been killed. Killed by Mark Cray.

Had he done right in undertaking to screen Mark?—to keep his culpability a secret?—to suffer the world to assume his innocence? The reader may deem it a grave question; Dr. Davenal was asking it of himself. Had Mark's been purely an error in judgment; had he administered the chloroform, believing it to be the right and proper thing to do, leaving the issue with God, it had been different. But he had given it in direct opposition to an opinion of more value than his own; in, as was much to be feared, a spirit of obstinate defiance. It is true he had not intended to kill; he had probably been over-confident of the result. How Dr. Davenal condemned him, he alone could tell; but—was it his, the doctor's place, to hold him forth to the condemnation of the world? No; he, the merciful man, thought it could not be. One strong point on the side of this mercy was—that the proclaiming the facts could be productive of no good result; they could not recall the mistaken act; they could not bring the unfortunate lady back to life. It might be said that it should be made known as a warning to others not to trust Mark Cray; but the very occurrence itself, with its tragical end, would, if the doctor knew anything of human nature, be its own warning for Mark Cray's whole lifetime. He did not think much of the surgical failure; at least he was not dwelling on it. Probably the worse calamity had in a measure eclipsed the other in his mind. Young surgeons had turned nervous before now, as Dr. Davenal knew; and the fall of the maid, Parkins, might certainly have startled him. It was not that that was troubling him; he had arrested Mark's shaking hands, and replaced them with his own sure ones, and carried the matter through successfully; it was the other.

He thought it over and over, and could not bring himself to see that he had done wrong in promising to hide the facts. If he went that hour and stood in the market-place and shouted them forth to all hearers, it could not bring back the forfeited life, it could not remedy the past in the remotest degree. He thought of his dead brother, Caroline's father; he remembered the words he had sent out to him to soothe his dying bed—"The child shall be to me as a daughter." He could not, on the very threshold of her wedded life, bring obloquy on the husband of her choice, and blight his good name, his fair prospects. And so *he resolved to keep the secret*—to guard the fatal mistake from the knowledge of the world. Only their own two selves were privy to it, therefore Mark was perfectly safe, save from him. The administering the chloroform must be looked upon as an error in judgment, of his own as well as of Mark's; and yet scarcely an error, for perhaps nine surgeons out of ten would so have administered it to a patient under similar circumstances, and have made no exception in Lady Oswald. He, Dr. Davenal, must suffer this to be assumed, saying himself as little as was possible upon the matter to any one; in a case where the termination had been so unfortunate, his reticence would be excused.

He leaned his head upon his hand in the dark twilight, and pondered over the circumstances; he could not keep his mind from dwelling upon them almost morbidly. A strange fatality seemed to have attended the affair altogether. There had been the obstinate persistence of Lady Oswald to see her landlord, in spite of common sense and of Mr. Oswald Cray's representation that it could not possibly serve her; there had been the sudden falling lame of the carriage horse, for which the coachman had been unable to account; and then there had been the accident to the train. Parkins had told him a confused tale—confused through her own grief, poor woman—of their having gone by mistake, she and her mistress, to the wrong side of the station at Hildon to take the return train, and had thereby lost a train. They went, naturally enough perhaps to inexperienced travellers, to the side of the platform on which they had descended on going; and it was not until a train came up to the other side, took in the passengers waiting on that side of the platform, and went on to Hallingham, that they discovered their mistake. But for that, they would have been at Hallingham safe and sound when the accident happened to the late train. Then there was the fact of Mark Cray's having been in the train, of his having been the first to see Lady Oswald. When brought afterwards to the home terminus, she had said, "Mr. Cray will go home with me;" and later she had insisted on his taking the operation. He, himself, had been called out to Thorndyke, had been kept there while the long hours of the best part of the day had flitted away; had he not been called out, why, the operation would, beyond all question, have been performed in the morning, probably by himself, for he should have seen her early and detected its need. There was the absence of the pupil, Julius Wild, through what appeared an unaccountable mistake; had that pupil been present, to him would have fallen the task of getting Parkins from the room, and the chloroform could not have been administered. A curious chapter of accidents—or what are called such—and Dr. Davenal lost himself in the chain of thought. "Oh, merciful Father, forgive him! forgive him this night's work!" he murmured. "And mayst Thou have taken that poor woman to her rest!"

A great light and Neal's smooth face broke upon Dr. Davenal.

"Shall I get you anything, sir? Tea or—"

"I don't want anything—I don't want the gas lighted," interrupted Dr. Davenal, starting from his chair. "Wait until you are called."

Neal, after a moment's stare, shot back again. It was not so much the sharp words, more imperative than any commonly used by his master, but the tone of pain in which they were spoken, that struck Neal. Nay, it almost seemed as if his entrance had brought a sort of terror to the doctor.

It was not terror. Neal was mistaken. But Dr. Davenal had been so completely buried in thoughts, not altogether of this world, that the abrupt interruption, with its common-place excuse, had seemed to him singularly inopportune, causing him to wave away abruptly the man and his words.

He sat on in the dark again, and Neal took his place at the front door, and stood there looking out. Not a soul was in the house save himself and his master, and it may have seemed a more cheering way of passing the evening to Neal than to be shut up in-doors.

It grew darker. Neal strolled along by the skirting shrubs of the garden, and took his stand at the front gate, ready to exchange courtesies with the people who would soon be going home from church or chapel. The moon did not give much light yet, but the night promised to be as clear and bright as the previous one had been.

"Hollo!" cried Neal, as a man he knew came up quickly. "You are in a hurry to-night."

"I have been out on business, Mr. Neal," replied the man, who was in fact an assistant to a carpenter and undertaker. "Our work can't always wait for the Sabbath to go by before it is seen to."

"Is anybody dead?" asked Neal.

"Lady Oswald. The message came down to us best part of an hour ago, so I've been up there."

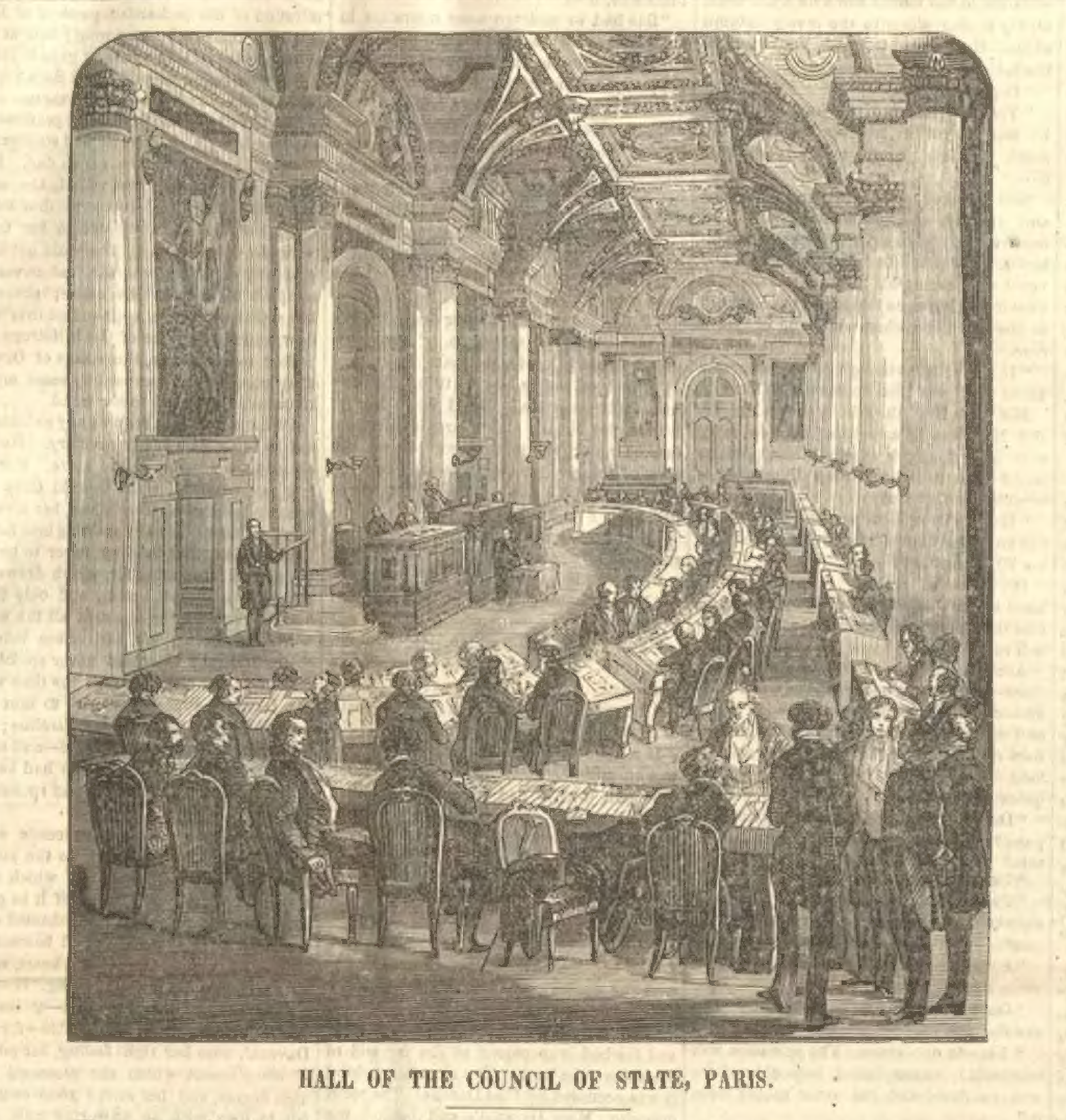
It has been observed that Neal was too well trained a gentleman, both in manners and nerves, to express much surprise, but the answer did cause him the very greatest shock. He was so startled as to take refuge in disbelief.

"*Lady Oswald*, did you say? But she's not dead!"

"But she is," replied the man. "I ought to know—I've just come from her."

"Why, what has she died of? They said the railway accident hadn't materially hurt her."

"She haven't died of the accident. She have died of that—that—what-you-call-it—



HALL OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE, PARIS.

The meetings of the French Council of State are held in the Palais d'Orsay, Paris—a very handsome building.

as is give to folks to take the pain out of 'em."

Neal did not understand.

"To take the pain out of them?" he repeated, looking questioningly at the speaker.

"That stuff that have come into fashion of late years. The doctors will give it you while you have a tooth took out, if you'll let 'em."

"Do you mean chloroform?"

"That's it. I never can remember the name; but I'd rather call it poison, for my part—killing folks dead off without a warning."

"Who gave it to Lady Oswald?"

"Your master," replied the man, lowering his voice to a whisper as he glanced at the windows of the house. "The servants was in the room with me up there, and they told me about it. There was something to be done to my lady—some bones to be set, I believe—and the doctors went this afternoon, and they give her this stuff and it killed her. I wonder Parliament don't make a law again its use, for my part."

"I am sorry to hear this," exclaimed Neal. "My lady was very friendly to me."

"Ay. The servants be cut up like anything—and enough to make 'em. It's a shocking thing! The lady's-maid says she can't think why they should have give her the stuff, for Mr. Cray himself told her, when he was there in the afternoon, that what they had to do wouldn't hurt my lady no more than a flea-bite. Anyway, she's dead. But I can't stop here; I must get along back with the measure. Good night, Mr. Neal."

"Good night," replied Neal.

He leaned on the gate, watching the man hurrying onwards with his fleet steps, and thinking over what he had heard. Perhaps it is not too much to say that Mr. Neal would have preferred to hear of the death of any other person in Hallingham than of Lady Oswald's. Lady Oswald had been a great friend to him, and it had been Neal's intention to put her friendliness to the test in a very short period of time. Neal was a subtle schemer, and he had been perfecting a plan by which, at one bold stroke, Lady Oswald's mind should be disabused of that suspicion against himself imparted to her by Dr. Davenal the day of Miss Caroline's marriage, to which he had been an unsuspected listener, and by which he should also be effectually served. Neal had begun to feel that his tenure in his present situation was no longer sure, and he intended, by the help of Lady Oswald, to secure to himself a situation of a different nature.

Now this grand scheme was destroyed. As the rising waves dash away the "houses" built by children on the sands at the seashore, so this chateau en Espagne of Neal's was dashed down by the death of Lady Oswald. If Neal's cold and selfish heart could like any one, it had liked her. She had kept up friendly relations with Neal, as a former retainer of Sir John and Thorndyke; had shown more consideration to Neal than to her own servants—had treated him, in fact, as superior to her servants. When Neal waited on her at her residence, to pay his respects, as he did occasionally, she would ring the bell on his departure, and say, sharply, "Show Mr. Neal out;"—as much as to remind her household that he had not been a common servant at Thorndyke; he was groom of the chambers. She had also been liberal in her presents to Neal. Altogether, Neal, in his discomfiture, felt very much as though her ladyship's death was a grievance personally inflicted on himself.

Jessy, the housemaid, was the first of the servants to return. Her parents lived away from the town in a lonely spot, gained by a lonely walk, and she had hastened back before it was quite night. The moment she entered, Neal took his hat and strode up to Lady Oswald's with a view of learning particulars. The news had been so sudden, so unexpected, that some faint feeling or hope almost seemed to be in the man's mind that he should find it untrue.

He found it too true. He was allowed to see Lady Oswald, and he listened to the details given by the servants, gathering them into his mind to be turned over and examined afterwards. Parkins spoke with him privately. She was very bitter against the chloroform: she said to him that she should always look upon the administering it as an underhand trick not to be understood. There was no question of chloroform when she was in the room, and that was up to the very last moment; there was no chloroform present that she saw, and the doctors must have got it concealed in their pockets and produced it when her back was turned. She didn't blame Mr. Cray: she was certain it was not Mr. Cray; for he had told her privately in the afternoon that the operation would be a mere nothing, a flea-bite—and she could only wonder at Dr. Davenal's not having exercised more caution. One of the servants down stairs had had some experience in chloroform, she added, and her opinion was that an over quantity must have been given: that Dr. Davenal had mistook the dose, and given too much. At any rate, if ever there was a murdered woman, it was her mistress.

Parkins's eyes were alight when she said this, and Parkins's cheeks aflame. Her grief for the loss of her mistress was merging into anger at its cause. Like Neal, she was beginning to consider it as a personal grievance inflicted on herself, and to resent it as such. Self-interest sways the best of us more or less: and Parkins felt that through this she had lost a better place than she should ever find again. Neal asked her a few questions on his own score, and hurried away with the information he had garnered.

He hastened home with the utmost speed that his legs would carry him. He had a reason—at least he thought he might have one in future—for not wishing it known at home that he had paid that visit to Lady Oswald's. A short visit at the best, some twenty minutes, completed his stay in the house, and the late returners from church were but in the streets when he went back, slowly pacing along in the lovely autumn night. He whisked in just in time to admit the ladies.

"Is papa in, Neal?"

"Yes," answered Neal, hap hazard, for he was of course not positive upon the point. "I fancy he is in his room, Miss Sara."

Sara knocked at the consulting-room door and entered. As she went forward Neal contrived to obtain a passing view of the interior. It was still in darkness, and Dr. Davenal was leaning his back against the window-frame, his arms folded, his head bowed, as one will stand when under the weight of care.

"It looks just as though he had purposely killed her!" was Neal's comment to himself.

Not that Neal thought it *then*. No, no. But Neal was in a state of terrible vexation and disappointment; in that precise mood when it is a vast relief to vent one's trouble upon anybody.

"How sad you look, papa!" cried Sara, as she noted his depressed attitude. "And you are all in the dark!"

Dr. Davenal aroused himself, put his hand on his daughter, and turned round to face the street. At that moment the death-bell rang out.

Accustomed now to the darkness of the room—now that it was entirely dark, for the doctor had thrown open the Venetian blind, and the gas-lamp cast in its rays brightly—Sara could see how sad and clouded was his face. The death-bell was striking out its quick sharp strokes.

"Do you know who the bell is tolling for, papa? I never heard it ring out so late as this."

"I expect it is tolling for Lady Oswald."

"Papa! For Lady Oswald?" She quite shrieked as she said it in her startled surprise.

"She is dead, child," he said, his subdued voice a contrast to hers.

"Oh, papa! Was it the operation? Did she die under it?"

"Yes—in one sense. The operation was successfully accomplished, but—chloroform was exhibited and she never rallied from it."

Sara stood still, her heart beating. It seemed that a hundred regrets were crowding upon her, a hundred questions.

"Oh, papa, why did you administer chloroform?" she exclaimed, scarcely knowing what she said.

For a single moment the temptation came over Dr. Davenal to tell his daughter the truth, and he had unclosed his lips to speak; but he checked himself in time. Sara was trustworthy; he knew that: but it was impossible to answer for chance or inadvertent words, even from her: and for Mark's sake it might be better to leave her in equal ignorance with the rest of the world.

"My dear," he said—and the words to her ear sounded strangely solemn—"I have striven to do the best always for my patients, under God. Had I been able to save Lady Oswald's life I would have saved it."

"Oh yes, yes, papa, I know that. We all know it."

"Did she die quite suddenly? Was she sensible of her state?"

"People who die under the influence of chloroform seldom know anything after inhaling it. She did not. Sara, it is a painful subject; I would rather not speak of it. I feel it greatly; greatly."

She quitted him and went up-stairs to take off her things. When she came down again Dr. Davenal was in the dining-room, and the tray, as was usual when they dined early, was on the table with some slight refreshment.

"Not anything for me," said the doctor to his sister. "I cannot eat to-night."

He did not sit down: he was pacing the carpet with thoughtful, measured tread. Neal stole a glance at him from under the corner of his eyes.

"Shall I light the gas in your study, sir, to-night?"

"No. Yes, you may light one burner," the doctor added after a moment's pause.

"What's the matter, Richard?" asked Miss Davenal. "You seem cut up. Have you had a hard day's work to-day?"

"Pretty well," called out the doctor.

"Do you know who it is that's dead? Very queer that the passing-bell should toll out at night!"

"You can tell your aunt, Sara," the doctor quietly said, as he stepped to the door of the room, and vanished.

"Well, I'm sure!" angrily cried Miss Davenal. "My brother is polite to-night. He might have answered me."

Sara pushed the piece of cake she had been trying to eat from her, and went close to her aunt, speaking in her slowest and most distinct tones.

"Don't you see that papa has had a great shock—a blow, Aunt Bettina? Lady Oswald is dead."

Poor Miss Davenal, never very quick at comprehending, confused the information together in the most helpless manner. "What do you say? Lady Oswald has had a blow? Who's dead?"

"Aunt, aunt! you will understand me if you won't be impatient. Lady Oswald is dead. And I say it is a great blow to papa. I can see that it is."

Miss Davenal heard now, and looked perfectly scared. "Lady Oswald dead! It cannot be, Sara."

"She had to undergo some operation in consequence of the accident, and papa gave her chloroform, hoping of course to lighten the pain, and she never rallied from it."

Miss Davenal seized Sara's hands in her dismay. Her senses were sharpened and she had heard perfectly; her face had turned white. Neal, who had come in, looked at her as he stood near the door, and wondered whether she was going to faint.

"Sara, I don't like that chloroform. I have told the doctor so often and often. They should never try it upon me. Who gave it her?"

"Papa," replied Sara, never dreaming but she was correct in saying so. "Aunt Bettina, he gave it her for the best."

"Best! of course he gave it for the best: nobody disputes that. But I don't like it: I never did like it. Chloroform is come into fashion now; an improvement on the old state of things, they call it, as they call the railways; and I don't deny that it spares pain; but I do not like it."

By-and by Sara went to the consulting room. The doctor was pacing it uneasily.

"I have come to say good night, papa."

"You are going to bed early. Is it ten o'clock?"

"Yes, I think it is past ten. Good night, dear papa. I hope you will be better in the morning."

"I have felt nothing like it since the death of Richard. Good night, my child."

It was not so much the death in itself that was affecting Dr. Davenal, as the appalling reflection that it had been, in a manner, wilfully caused. The knowledge weighed on his heart like a stone.

PART XV.

THE NIGHT VISITOR TO DR. DAVENAL.

The bed-chamber of Sara Davenal was over the doctor's study on the opposite side of the corridor to the drawing-room. It was not large, but longer than it was wide, and the bed was placed at the far end of the room—the back. The chamber behind it was occupied by Miss Davenal. The room opposite Miss Davenal's and behind the drawing-room had been the bed-chamber of Dr. Davenal in his wife's lifetime; since her death it had been kept as a spare room for chance visitors.

Sara did not begin to undress immediately upon entering the room. She put out the light, and sat down at the open window to indulge in a little quiet thought: it was rather a habit of hers to do so when the night was fine and she came up early. She liked to sit there, and think of many things, and glance up at the clear sky in the bright moonlight. With all her practical good sense—and she had her full portion of it—she was of a somewhat dreamy, imaginative temperament: and since Richard's death she had grown to think more of that other home to which he was gone, the same to which we are all hastening, more than it is perhaps usual for girls of Sara's age to think of it. As she had said to Dr. Davenal in the afternoon, she would wonder whether Richard—and her lost mother whom she but imperfectly remembered—could look down upon her: she was fond of fancying that they were looking down upon her: and she would lose herself in a maze of visionary imaginings.

Not on this night, however, did her thoughts turn to Richard. They were full of Lady Oswald and her unhappy death. That this ill-fatal chloroform had been administered for the best, in accordance with Dr. Davenal's experienced judgment, Sara assumed as a matter of course; she never so much as thought of casting a doubt to it; but she knew enough of him to be sure that the sad termination would cause him to repent of having given it—to blame himself bitterly, and she felt for him to the very depth of her heart. An uncomfortable sensation, as if her father had been guilty of some deliberate wrong, was pervading her, and she could not shake it off.

It should be observed that although Sara sat close to the open window, she was not liable to be seen by the passers-by in the street, did any cast their eyes that way. A small stand or ledge had been constructed round the window, (a bay widow, as was the one answering to it on the other side, the drawing-room,) and this was filled with pots in flower. Geraniums of many species, fuschias, heliotropes, heaths, wild thyme, the fine flowering cactus, and many others, raised their heads proudly and formed a screen behind which Sara was securely sheltered from observation, and also from the rays of the gas lamp at the gate, which otherwise would have lighted her up. So that, although she could see out perfectly well, sitting as she now was, she could not be seen. If she chose to stand at the window and lean out, her head was above the flowers; but at the same time they entirely prevented her from seeing anything immediately below her window. The ground for a yard or two round Dr. Davenal's study window was as completely hidden from her as though it had been a hundred miles off: and it is necessary to mention this. The bed room above Sara's, occupied by Watton the upper maid, had a flat window, and its view underneath was in like manner obstructed by the extending bow and the plants in it of Sara's. These flowers at Miss Sara Davenal's window were quite the admiration of the pedestrian portion of Hallingham, and many a one would halt at the front railings to take a passing gaze at them. They were really beautiful, and Sara took a pride in them and liked to tend them.

She liked to inhale their sweet perfume, as she was doing now, sweeter and stronger in the night air than in the garish day. Perhaps the heliotrope was, of all, the most powerful scent: and somehow that heliotrope had become associated in her mind with Mr. Oswald Cray. She could not have told why or wherefore; she had never attempted to analyze the cause; she only knew that when she approached that window, and the perfume of the heliotrope was wafted to her senses, the image of Oswald Cray was, in like manner, by some mysterious instinct, wafted to her mind.

Perhaps it did not require any extraneous aid to bring him to her memory. He was already too securely seated there. For the last twelvemonth, since Oswald Cray had become intimate at their house, her love for him had been gradually growing into being; that subtle understanding, never to be explained or accounted for, which draws together two human hearts, and only those two, the one for the other, of all the whole world, life finding life, had arisen between them. Oswald Cray had never spoken or hinted at his feelings until the time when Dr. Davenal honestly avowed to him that he had fancied he cared for Caroline; that had brought forth the one word—and it was little more—to Sara. But she had known it just as surely as though he had spoken out all along.

Save for that shrinking reticence which would fain hide the secret, as the modest snowdrop hides its head, and which must always accompany the feeling if it be genuine, there was nothing to be ashamed of in this love. It is true that it had become entwined with every fibre of her heart, was a part and parcel of her very being. It would perhaps have been impossible—at least, it would have been very improbable—for Sara Davenal, with her right feeling, her powers of discernment, which she possessed in a high degree, and her sound good sense, to fall in love with an unworthy man. She could not have met with a more worthy one than Oswald Cray. He had his faults—aye, who has not?—but they were faults of what may be called a high order; not mean, drivelling, scandalizing faults, that abound in the world. Each was suited and suitable to the other, in taste, in position, in moral goodness: and their love had been given for aye; beyond the power of circumstances or time to change. They might never be more to each other than they were now. Untoward fate might separate them; the world's bitter tongues, expediency, the poison of misunderstanding; any one of these separating causes might part them; Sara's unbending principle, Oswald's wrong-headed pride—it was impossible to foretell: but of one thing, both might rest assured, that unto their dying day that love could never be wholly extinguished in either heart, so as to give place to another.

Somehow the thoughts of Sara Davenal had wandered from the painful subject of Lady Oswald to this brighter one: wandered unwittingly, against her will. She would not have *chosen* to dwell upon her love that sad night, or on the one sweet word of Oswald when he last parted from her: but there it was, sounding in her ears and her heart: and she lost herself in one of the sweetest reveries that ever maiden pictured of the future.

Suddenly she was aroused from it. Not by any thought of poor Lady Oswald, or of her father's sorrow, or of the minutes that were hurrying on, or that it was time she prepared for bed; but by the sight of some one coming in at the front gate. It was nothing unusual for that gate to be invaded at night, by messengers summoning Dr. Davenal to some urgent bed of sickness. But this intruder had something peculiar about him, or about his movements, which attracted her eye.

He was a tall man, wearing a cap and a gray Scotch plaid scarf. The cap, which had a peak to it, appeared to be tied down over his ears, and the scarf was worn in a droll fashion, one at least which Sara had never seen in Hallingham. It was put lengthways over the shoulders, as a lady puts on a scarf; it came down to the waist behind, and was held very much up to the neck in front. Sara naturally looked at the man, looked keenly with a view of distinguishing his features. In her sympathy with the sick, she thought to learn, by him, who was ill that night and wanted her father. But she was unable to do this, and the first thought that struck upon her as curious was, that a man should be so completely wrapped up on that genial night. The next curious thing that struck her, was—the man's movements.

He had come up to the gate with very quick steps—as messengers from the sick often did come—opened it, and gave a sort of dart or spring to his right, which brought him under the shade of the laurels and hid him from the moonlight. There he stopped, reconnoitring the house, so far as could be seen; but really it required a quick eye to distinguish him at all from the dark shrubs. That was not precisely the way in which night applicants came to Dr. Davenal's house; and Sara, very much astonished, rose quietly from her seat, to see the better.

He came on at last, creeping close to the shrubs, keeping under their shade, until he gained Dr. Davenal's window. With all Sara's endeavors to look, she there lost sight of him, because he was beneath, but she heard a gentle tapping at the window. Not the quick imperative noise of one in haste, demanding instant attention, but a covert stealthy tapping, which seemed afraid of being heard. More and more astonished, Sara leaned out further, but she could not lean far enough to see.

The window was opened instantly: therefore it was to be supposed that Dr. Davenal had not retired from the room; that his light had probably guided the stranger to apply at the window, instead of at the door. The first sound, after the opening of the window, was a warning hush-sh-sh-sh! but whether it came from the applicant or from her father she could not tell. A short colloquy followed, only a word or two, spoken in the most covert tones, and then Dr. Davenal went to the front door and admitted the visitor. Sara sat down overwhelmed with amazement.

Somebody else was overwhelmed with amazement, unfortunately—or perhaps the better word for *him* would be curiosity—and that was Mr. Neal. Neal had been a witness to it all. When it struck half past ten, (and this mysterious visit had occurred some five minutes subsequent to that time,) Dr. Davenal had opened his study door, called to Neal, and told him to put the gas out—which was equivalent to telling him to go to bed, the putting out of the gas being the last service usually required of Neal. Neal came forward and did as he was bid—he put out the hall lamp and any other burners that might be alight, with the exception of the one in the doctor's study. Dr. Davenal always took that upon himself, and he put out the burner as he spoke to Neal, and lighted his candle for bed, no gas being laid on in the bed-rooms. Neal then went down stairs and turned the gas off at the main. So the house was safe.

But Neal, as a matter of taste, was not fond of retiring early. And when he came up again, and had shut himself into his pantry, instead of passing into his sleeping-room, he blew out his candle, opened the door on the side, and dexterously avoiding contact with the shrubs, he stole to the front. There he stood, amidst the shrubs, near the doctor's window, with a view possibly of giving himself a little fresh air.

He glanced at the window; the half-shutters were not drawn up, a thing the doctor did himself the very last thing, and he could see the wax candle on the table through the Venetian blinds. The upper shutters of the window were closed; Neal always closed those when he lighted the gas, but his orders were to leave the lower ones open. It was a fancy of the doctor's, the being able to take a look out at the street until the last, if he chose to do so. The upper shutters being closed, did not prevent the window being opened at will. It is as well to give these details, for this was an eventful night in the existence of Dr. Davenal, and of others besides.

Neal could see the candle, and he could see his master. Dr. Davenal was seated at the table, his head leaning on his hand. Whether he was reading, or whether he had merely bent his head in thought, Neal could not discern, but he thought he had never in his life seen a countenance so troubled.

There is nothing in all that, however, to afford particular gratification to Neal's curiosity, and he drew cautiously away from the window, and turned his attention on the street. It was necessary to be cautious, for the least stir of the shrubs would have been heard by Dr. Davenal on that still night, sitting as he did with the window a little open, his custom until he retired. Neal stood watching the passers-by—nay, watching *for* any passers-by—but he had not seen one yet. Sunday evening hours were early at Hallingham, and people were mostly indoors and a-bed. Now, in point of fact, Neal had no particular motive in stealing out and standing there; he was not expecting any one or anything, but he had a habit of peering about him a great deal more than most people have, and Neal rarely went finally to rest without coming out to take a general glance round, and see anything there might be to see.

Little did Neal anticipate the reward his curiosity was to receive this night. He was taking a last look previous to retiring, thinking it rather slow work standing there with nothing to see, not even a passing passenger on that quiet Sunday night, when the man who had so surprised Sara Davenal darted in at the gate. Neal strained his eyes in a vain attempt to discover who it was, and backed into safe quarters.

He heard the covert tapping at the window; he heard the warning hush when the doctor opened it, and he could not say for certain, any more than Sara could, which of the two it was who had given that warning hush; and then, after a short whispering, the purport of which he was entirely unable to make out, the doctor's tones were a little raised.

"I will open the door for you."

The stranger made his way to the front door. Neal, in the swift, unerring, covert manner which practice had rendered facile, stole back to his pantry with incredible speed, and was in time to peep out of it and to see the visitor admitted.

But he gained nothing by his movement. The hall was in the dark; Dr. Davenal had not brought his candle out, and Neal could not see more than the very faintest outline of their forms. They passed into the room in silence, and Neal heard the door closed quietly and cautiously; another minute and the bolt was slipped. He took off his shoes and stole on tiptoe in his stockings to the door, and put his ear to it.

No, not a word could he hear. That door was a sound door, a close-fitting one; Neal had tried it before in his life, and obtained no more result than he was obtaining now. He made his way back through the pantry to the window again, and there Neal could have groaned in impotent rage had he dared, for Dr. Davenal had shut it.

But he had not closed the shutters. Neal, if it was any good to him, could still get a glimpse in through the upright staves of the Venetian blinds. It was but a glimpse, for they were turned all but close together, the one stave nearly lying on the other, and it did not afford him satisfaction, for he could see neither Dr. Davenal nor his visitor, who were seated at the side of the room close together, where the angle of view obtainable by Neal would not reach them. A very faint hum of voices penetrated his ear, and he was not sure whether that was not fancy. Their conversation was being carried on in the lowest tones.

Unsatisfactory as was this result as a whole, Neal waited with patience. Such men as Neal are always patient. The clock struck eleven, and the clock struck half-past eleven, and Neal was still there.

Then there occurred a change. Dr. Davenal rose from his seat and began pacing the room. His whole face was working with agitation. Neal caught a sight of it occasionally as he paced, and was struck by the troubled expression, nay, by the *dread*, that pervaded it. Neal had long ago made up his mind as to the purport of the visit—that it was in some way connected with the catastrophe of the evening, the death of Lady Oswald.

Suddenly Neal was startled. His nose was uncommonly close to the window, and the window was abruptly raised; raised without the slightest warning some half-dozen inches. Neal believed his nose was off.

When he came to himself, which he really did not for a few minutes, some words in a distressed tone were issuing from the lips of Dr. Davenal. "Silence must be purchased at any price; at any price. If it takes the whole of my fortune, I must purchase silence." Neal pricked up his ears.

Dr. Davenal was walking still; the visitor, whoever he might be, never moved from his seat. It was only when the doctor came near the window that Neal caught an occasional word. "Yes. Lady Oswald herself. She wished it," were the next words he heard, and then there was another lull.

"I am aware of that. Murder? yes, the world would look upon it as such. I felt certain that Lady Oswald was one to whom chloroform, if administered, would prove fatal. Heaven help me! What have I done that the trials of this day should fall upon my head?"

Dr. Davenal was standing at the window as he said this, had halted there with his voice close to Neal's face, and Neal's hair stood on end as he heard it. From that moment the man believed—fully believed in his inmost heart—that his master had purposely destroyed Lady Oswald. Perhaps the belief, judging from these disconnected and certainly ominous words, was excusable.

For a short while Neal heard no more. His master had halted opposite the stranger and was talking fast, but nothing came to Neal but a confused sound. Then he advanced again.

"I tell you it shall be done. If it costs every penny piece that I have saved, this horrible secret must be bought up—if money will buy it. I shall never know another happy moment; I shall live as with a sword of disgrace hanging over me, ever expecting it to fall."

Some murmured words came from the stranger, and Neal stretched his ear to its utmost tension. Whether in doing so he made the least noise, touched the window, rustled the shrubs, he could not tell, but Dr. Davenal turned and shut the window down as swiftly and suddenly as he had put it up.

So, hearing was cut off. But Neal could see still—just a glimpse. He saw Dr. Davenal go out of the room with the candle and bring back a plate of biscuits and a decanter of wine. He knew he must have gone to the dining-room sideboard for them. A wish crossed Neal's mind to go in-doors, make the excuse that he had heard his master stirring and dash into the study on the pretence of inquiring if he could do anything. But he did not dare. Neal would have given a whole year's wages to get one good look at the visitor. Presently all sight was cut off. Barely had Dr. Davenal put down the decanter and biscuits than he turned to the window and pulled up the shutters.

It was a checkmate for Neal. He went in and stood just outside his pantry, hesitating whether to go close to the door or not. A good thing he did not, for Dr. Davenal came out almost immediately and went up stairs to his daughter's room.

Neal heard him knock at it very softly; he heard him ask in a whisper whether she was in bed yet. That she was not in bed the immediate opening of the door proved.

Dr. Davenal went in and closed the door. Neal could hear the murmur of his voice, as if he were explaining something to his daughter, and then they came down together, treading softly, not to arouse the house. Neal could see that she was fully dressed, in the same silk she had worn in the day. They went in, and the door was closed and the bolt slipped as before.

Ten minutes, and Sara came out again alone. Neal could tell who it was by the rustling of the silk, but there was no light. She returned up stairs to her room, but not before Neal had caught the sound of a heavy sob.

The next to come forth was the visitor, without a candle still. Dr. Davenal opened the hall door and let him out. Neal with his quick movements glided round to his post of observation in the front garden, and was just in time to see him go through the gate, the cap drawn over his face and the gray woolen scarf muffled around him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ "Caught in her own net," as the man said when he saw one of the fair sex hitched in her crinoline.

☞ Three of the largest brains in modern times were those of Drs. Chalmers and Abercrombie, and Mr. Thackeray; all of whom died suddenly and alone, in bed.

☞ The *eau de vie* of the French is common white brandy, distilled from wine.

☞ CURIOUS CUSTOMS.—The causes for which a Mahometan woman may demand a divorce are clearly and broadly laid down in the Koran, and her evidence is sufficient, because the Mahometan law supposes that a woman must be violently aggrieved before the modesty of her sex will allow her to appear in public with such application. All she has to do is to place her slipper reversed—that is, with the sole upward—before the cadi, and the case is finished; the divorce is granted without further inquiry.

☞ Knoxville, Tenn., is the oldest city in that state; was named for Gen. Knox, who was Secretary of War at the time the city was laid out, in 1798.

☞ In London recently a girl aged 19 was so frightened by a friend who played the ghost on her, that she died in a few weeks. The fright caused the girl to bleed freely at the nose; she also lost her appetite and mind, and finally died of "obscure disease of the brain and hysteria."

☞ The Marahjah of Cashmere is taking steps to check the further deterioration in the quality of shawls manufactured in his dominions. With this view his highness has issued a circular, in which he says that in the city of Siree Nugger, alias Cashmera, a paradise on earth, the number of men and women employed in the occupation of shawl weaving aggregates 70,000; and in fact nearly all the inhabitants of this far-famed city are connected with the trade.

☞ USEFUL HISTORICAL INFORMATION.—The Illinois Register says:—"A gentleman who is not given to historical research invites us to inform him whether the battle of Waterloo was fought before or after the surrender of Cornwallis? We answer, *it was*."

☞ THE BEST FRUIT FOR PRESERVING LOVE.—Kate was talking glowingly about "love-apples." "That's strange!" exclaimed Charlie, her accepted lover. "Why should 'love' be associated with apples? On the contrary, I always thought that love went in pairs." Kate smiled approvingly.

☞ According to the census of 1851, there were 1,504 male and 109 female "authors, editors, and writers" in England and Wales. The census returns for 1861, revealed but a very slight increase, namely, 1,520 male and 145 female "authors, editors, and writers."

☞ They claim to have the oldest married couple in the world in New South Wales. The husband is aged 111 and the wife 107 years.

☞ Lord Burleigh said, among other noted things: "I never knew any man grow poor by keeping an orderly table, but some consume themselves through secret vices, and their hospitality bears the blame."

☞ A discovery of some historical importance has just been made in Paris. The bones of Robespierre, St. Just, and Lebas were found by some masons who were laying the foundation of a house, at the corner of the Rue de Rosher, in the Batignolles.

☞ Colonel W. Burns, son of the poet, has presented to the Burns' Monument, Calton Hill, Edinburgh, the original model by **Flaxman**, of a statue of his father.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB'ARY 27, 1864.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Our Sewing-Machine Premium.

In answer to various letters, we would repeat that as to our clubs generally, they can be made up of either periodical, or of both, as suits the members. And, if the getter up of a club for THE POST prefers the Magazine as a Premium, he can have it; while THE POST will be sent as a Premium for the Magazine clubs, if desired.

The Sewing-Machine Premium, it will be seen, applies to both periodicals; *as well as to mixed clubs made up of the magazine and the paper.* This is a splendid premium, and we are glad to see that numbers design availing themselves of it. These machines cannot be bought for less than the price we mention, FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

We see that nineteen Principals of the Grammar Schools for Girls in this city, have remonstrated with the Board of Control against the excessive mental labors imposed upon their pupils, resulting from the severe examinations for the High School. They say:—

> You are aware of the importance which scholars, and the public generally, attach to the result of this examination. The amount of labor to be performed in the Grammar Schools has been regularly increasing year by year, until success is only achieved by the most strenuous efforts. The teacher, knowing that nothing but the most unfailing industry and unwearying perseverance can accomplish the work, appropriates the hours set apart for recreation and physical culture to the advancement of the anxious candidate. The close application and assiduous labor of the six months preceding the examination, sensibly affect the health and spirits of many pupils. Not a few of the candidates have permanently injured their eyesight in an attempt, the success or failure of which is to them (however lightly it may be regarded by others) a matter of life-long importance.
>
> When, after all this preparation, the examination instead of being a fair test of the knowledge of girls of fourteen years, is an oppressive ordeal, from which even the most patient and self confident shrink; above all, when gross mismanagement, carelessness and ignorance are so palpable as to be evident even to the candidates, the grievance is no longer so light as to be excused on the plea (offered during the whole of the present administration) that "mistakes will occur." Such has been the character of the examination which closed last week; and not only Principals and their scholars, but parents and directors, demand immediate and ample redress.

We fully agree with the Principals of the Grammar Schools on the main question involved in their remonstrance. Such is the amount of mental labor now imposed upon young girls, that if we had to choose between sending a daughter of ours to the Public Schools, or giving her no regular school education at all, we would not do the former. The fact is, that with all its talk of superior enlightenment, this boasted nineteenth century does not understand the subject of education one-half as well as the heathen Greeks did. It is three fold more important that the future wives and mothers of the land should grow up into strong, healthy, well-developed women, knowing nothing more than how to read, write and cipher, than that they should have all the languages and ologies at the tongue's end, and have a feeble, sickly bodily constitution with them.

In our opinion, there is nothing so greatly overrated as the benefits of an advanced school education, especially for girls. If we were a young man, and on the look out for a partner for life, we would rather have a healthy, rosy-cheeked, supple limbed woman, with a small store of book learning, but with the sweet temper and sound judgment that naturally result from a sound bodily organization, than the most learned and accomplished, and pale, and weak, and sickly lady that ever emerged from the hot-house of a Girl's High School.

It is bad enough to be ruining the constitutions of the boys with their long hours of study, when they ought to be out in the liberal and generous air, and the wisdom-giving sunshine. But to play the same folly with the girls, is even more foolish and suicidal. What is all this learning worth to a woman, setting out as the young mistress of a household, compared with the loss of health and the enfeebling of strength? What are Latin and French to a knowledge of baking and cookery? What history and the mathematics, to the cheerful mind, the work-loving limbs, and the contented heart? What are all the ologies worth, if weak and unhealthy and constantly complaining children must be their price—and the household circle be a little paedemonium?

Parents, do you ever consider these things? Judging by your conduct, and the wicked mode in which you allow your schools to be managed, you never do.

MISS BRADDON.

We recently published a statement that Miss Braddon, the author of "Aurora Floyd," &c., had been married to her publisher, Mr. Maxwell.

The following letter relative to the report in question, we find in a late London paper. What it all means we are unable to say:—

> SIR—The following paragraph appears in the Morning Advertiser of Tuesday, the 19th inst:—
>
> "Miss Braddon, the novelist, was recently married to Mr. Maxwell, the publisher."
>
> As this rumor is totally without foundation, Mr. Maxwell being already married, I have read your Journal from day to day since it appeared, expecting that either he or Miss Braddon would contradict it. Neither of them has done so.
>
> In the presence of this extraordinary statement and still more extraordinary silence, I ask your permission, as Mrs. Maxwell's brother-in-law, to say that the above report is utterly unfounded. Mr Maxwell was married several years ago to Miss Mary Anne Crowley, sister of the late N J. Crowley, of the Royal Hibernian Academy—an artist well known in Dublin and in London. This lady, who has borne her husband a large family, is still living.
>
> It is not, therefore, and it cannot be true that "Miss Braddon, the novelist, was recently married to Mr. Maxwell, the publisher."
>
> I am, sir, your obedient servant,
> R. B. KNOWLES.

PLENTY OF COTTON.

It is stated in a carefully prepared article in the *Manchester (England) Examiner* that the quantity of cotton likely to flow into the British markets the coming year, will be 2,440,000 bales, or fully equal to the imports of the year 1857, the largest year but one on the list.

This is the result of the stimulation of high prices in all the cotton growing districts outside of North America.

The sooner therefore the rebellion is put down, the better for the leading agricultural interest of the Southern states, and one of the greatest interests of the whole country.

NATIONAL AGRICULTURE.—We are indebted to the Hon. LEONARD MYERS, of the House of Representatives, for a copy of the Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for 1862. It appears to be full of interesting matter.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AMERICAN LITERARY GAZETTE AND PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR. Published by G. W. Childs, Phila. The last number of this periodical contains the usual amount of matter interesting to all who make or love a book. The following relative to the Queen of Scots, we clip from its pages:—

> MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.—The late Marquis of Dalhousie, ex-Viceroy of India, was a member of the Bannatyne Club. In that capacity, it was his duty to contribute to it at least one work on a subject connected with Scottish history, archaeology, antiquity, literature, or art. His book, published after his death, is entitled "Inventaires de la Royne Descosse Douairiere de France," and contains catalogues of the jewelry, dresses, furniture, books, and paintings of Mary Queen of Scots, who, by her first marriage, was also Queen Dowager of France. The time of these catalogues is 1556-1569—that is, two years before that marriage and two years after her imprisonment in England. There is no doubt of the accuracy of these lists, some of which are annotated in her own hand, particularly her testamentary inventory of her jewels, books, and plate, which she caused to be made in May, 1566, in anticipation of her imprisonment.
>
> Many curious details respecting Mary are communicated by the editor of this book (Mr. J. Robertson, of Edinburgh), some of which will astonish the public. For example, this beauty of the 16th century had nearly as large a collection of perukes as Queen Elizabeth herself, who possessed 80. These were of different colors. Her hair turned gray at the age of thirty five; after which she polled it quite short. When the executioner, at Fotheringay, took hold of the decapitated head by the artificial tresses, it fell to the ground. Mr. Robertson thus describes the character of her beauty: "Her large sharp features might perhaps have been thought handsome rather than beautiful, but for the winning vivacity and high joyous spirit which beamed through them. It has been questioned whether her eyes were hazel or dark gray; but there is no question as to their starlike brightness. Her complexion, although fresh and clear, would seem to have been without the brilliance so common among our island beauties. Her hair appears to have changed with her years from a ruddy yellow to auburn, and from auburn to dark brown or black, turning gray long before its time. Her bust was full and finely shaped, and she carried her large stately figure with majesty and grace. She showed to advantage on horseback, and still more in the dance. The charm of her soft sweet voice is described as irresistible; and she sang well, accompanying herself on the harp, the virginals, and still oftener on the lute, which set off the beauty of her long delicate white hand." Romance readers will be astonished at Mary's wigs, large figure, and sharp features!

BOOKS FOR CAMP AND HOME. James Redpath, Boston, announces a series of ten cent Books for the Camp Fires, of a much higher class than the dime publications now in the market. They will contain from 96 to 124 pages; new type, good paper—"neatly bound in greenbacks." No. 1 is—"On Picket Duty and Other Tales," by Miss L. M. Alcott, whose Hospital Sketches has been one of the most popular books of the season. No. 2 is "Clotelle, a Tale of the South," with five fine illustrations. No 3 is—"The Vendetta," one of Balzac's best tales, translated for the publisher. No. 4 is—"Gulliver's Travels in Lilliput." No 5 is Victor Hugo's eloquent description of the Battle of Waterloo. Each number is complete in itself and unabridged. Ten cents sent to the publisher will secure a specimen copy, postage paid, to any home or camp address—or fifty cents for the list above announced. No 1 is out, and the five will all be published before the close of February. Address, Jas. Redpath, publisher, Boston.

DEATH AND LIFE. By MARY G. WARE, author of "Elements of Character," &c. Published by W. Carter & Brother, Boston. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. This is a volume containing essays on "Death and Life," "Mourning for the Dead," "Memory in the Future Life," "Spiritualism," "The Building Up of Regenerate Life," "The Past and the Future," and "War and Peace." We like the tone of these essays very much. They are highly spiritual, and while probably many readers will find certain sentiments that they cannot agree with, they will find very little, if anything, to do them harm, and a great deal that should do them good. The writer, we may add, seems to be a disciple of Swedenborg.

MEET FOR HEAVEN. A state of grace upon earth the only preparation for a state of glory in Heaven. By the author of "Heaven our Home." Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE. The February number of this magazine, devoted to the interests of the army and navy, and under the able management of Professor COPPEE, of this city, contains well-written articles on "The Ethics and Humanities of War," "Military Surgery," "Organization of the Staff," &c. We also notice a spirited "Cavalry Song," by George H Boker, which we shall find room for in next week's POST.

NEW MUSIC.

FIGARO POLKA. Composed for the piano by Harper F. Smith.

CONTINENTAL GALOP, as played by Hassler's orchestra. Composed by Simon Hassler.

THE LIGHT OF HOME SCHOTTISCH. Composed by E. Mack.

SOUNDS FROM THE RINGING ROCKS. A romantic fantasy, composed for the piano, by B. Frank Walters. Dedicated to the Pottstown pleasure seekers.

DREAMING. Song and chorus, by C. Everest.

NEAR THE BROOK-SIDE. Song and chorus. Words by Thomas W. Pittman. Music by N. B. Hollister.

OUR COLOR GUARD. Battle song and chorus. Words by Thomas J. Diehl, Esq. Composed by Henry Tucker, composer of "When this Cruel War is Over," &c.

All of the above pieces are published and for sale by Messrs. LEE & WALKER, 722 *Chestnut street, Philadelphia.*

ANECDOTE OF A HUMMING BIRD.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor:—Some time last summer a lady of my acquaintance at Painted Post, N. Y., gave me the following narrative:—On rising from bed early in the morning she discovered lying on the sill of her window a beautiful little humming bird, apparently dead, its little claws contracted, and it entirely cold. She picked it up and warmed it in her hand for a few minutes, then inserted its bill into some flowers, which were near by, and after repeating the insertion several times, it opened its eyes a little. Another insertion of its bill into the ambrosial dew, and it opened its eyes wider, and stood on its feet for an instant only, when it mounted poised in the air a few feet from her and lowered its head several times, as if in thanks, and took its flight, not forever, but returned again and again to luxuriate among her fragrant flowers. AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

☞ The motto of the new book, "Keeping Afloat," is: "We tread on fires concealed under deceitful ashes." And here is a specimen of the strong expressions that are to be found throughout the book: "At last the direful truth burst upon him, *like a red hot sun on a maddened ulcer*."—*Exchange paper.*

☞ The action against the "Count Joannes," in Boston, charging him with common "barratry," finds its compeer in an action recently commenced against an excitable lady in Brooklyn. The complaint charges her with being a "common scold," and accuses her of being a "common nuisance," alleging "that she quarrels, brawls with, and acts with ill humor upon and against divers persons in a vulgar and clamorous manner." After this we may expect a revival of the ducking stool, and other obsolete methods of punishment.

☞ The "belle" of the first grand ball of the Tuilleries was an English lady, Mrs. Miles, wife of an English officer of Lancers. She was "Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere," remarked a supporter of the turf now in Paris.

☞ Originally the term of human life was a thousand years—but that was before there were quack doctors.

☞ DISINTERESTED SOLICITUDE.—*Small Boy*—"Lend me your skates a little while." *Large Boy*—"Couldn't. The ice wouldn't bear you. I heard it crack with me just now."

Marriage and Divorce in Poland.

One day a cousin of Count S——'s arrived; he and his wife were hardly seated when another couple were announced. They seemed all to be on most friendly terms. In the evening, one of the gentlemen played at cards with the two ladies, and a third, who was staying at Ostrowski. When he arrived, Countess S—— said to me—

"Is it not curious to see my cousin Alexander playing cards with his three wives?"

"His three wives?" I exclaimed; "surely you jest."

"Not at all," she answered. "Nothing is more common here. He now regrets having divorced from the first; he liked her best; but she has also married again. They are all very friendly and agreeable to one another." Countess S—— continued—"You will hardly meet a person in the country who has not been married more than once. The Russians reproach us on our facility for divorce as they marry for life; we, for as long as we please. It is better than living together on ill terms."

This seemed very startling to me, but it is a fact of which I was convinced from personal observation.

One bitterly cold day, when the very aspect out-doors was enough to make one shudder, Countess S——, Fraulein Muller, and I were making artificial flowers; Anna, who braved I know not how many degrees of cold, was gone on a sledging-excursion with her father. As we were seated near the window, we saw a sledge drawn by six horses coming up the avenue. We were wondering who the courageous visitor could be, when the beautiful Countess Z——, a near neighbor, was announced. On entering, she said to Countess S——: "I have not a moment to stay, and have something very important to say: my husband intends proposing for your daughter; he is an excellent man, so I beg of you not to let any delicacy of sentiment on my account be an obstacle to their union. I have already obtained my divorce, and am on the eve of contracting another marriage I leave for Varsovie this evening. Adieu, dear friend." So saying, she disappeared as quickly as she had entered. I own that if a thunderbolt had fallen at my feet, I could not have been more surprised. Fraulein Muller and I, who had stood up to leave the room, had not time to gain the door, ere the communication was made. Countess S—— begged of us to remain, and as soon as her friend left, observed, without seeming the least amazed at what she had heard, that Count A—— was too old for Anna. Undoubtedly, he has a very large fortune, but, added she, "we have almost given our word to another person." She evidently was nowise shocked at the strange announcement. Accordingly, Count A—— did come next day, made a formal demand, and was refused, Anna's opinion coinciding with that of her parents.

One of the maids was married one evening according to the rites of the Greek church. I remarked that, after the benediction, the priest, laying the hand of the bride in that of the bridegroom, bound them together with his stole; then, taking the other end, led them round the church. This ceremony is symbolical of their being united for the journey of life. The contrast between Russian and Polish ideas of matrimony struck me forcibly on my return. Entering the drawing-room, I perceived that a picture had been added to the collection of family portraits; the most conspicuous is that of an officer in uniform, holding very ostentatiously in one hand a snuff-box; this, it appears, is a Russian decoration, given by Nicholas to Countess S——'s father, who had been Marechal de la Noblesse. On one side is the portrait of her mother, and on the other she has just placed that of a very stately-looking lady. She says that it is the portrait of her father's first wife, whom she is expecting on a visit. She tells me that during her father's lifetime this lady and her present husband frequently spent some time with them, and that it was on one of these occasions that her father had this portrait taken and placed beside his own, and that each time she comes she places it there, to please her. This state of society, so different from that of other nations, is peculiar to Poland. It is a matter of the utmost surprise to strangers, and most difficult to understand how it can be tolerated.

My neighbor at breakfast, a young lady they call Countess Marie, frequently appears as if she were ready for the opera or a ball, as far as concerns her head-dress. She is rather pretty, and was to have been married to a person she met here last year, and accepted; but when he went to obtain her parents' consent, instigated by her, they refused, as she had changed her mind. The gentleman, furious at being so duped, as he considered it, declared that he would shoot any one who dared propose for his fickle lady-love; so his rival retired, as do all other admirers as soon as they become aware of the danger they expose themselves to in seeking the young lady's hand. I heard some one say: "Poor Countess Marie will be obliged to go to England to get married! The English are so original, such oddities, that the strangeness of the circumstances will tempt them."

☞ A key that fits everybody's trunk—Turkey.

LATEST NEWS.

HUNTSVILLE, ALA., Feb 20.—Official information from Gen. Dodge was received at Gen. Logan's headquarters to-day, that the rebels, supposed to be Roddy's command, attempted to cross the Tennessee river at three different ferries, but were driven back by Dodge's troops. The loss of Union troops was very slight.

It is rumored here that Gen. Sherman has had a fight with the rebel General Polk, near Brandon, and whipped him, taking twelve thousand prisoners.

A dispatch from Cincinnati announces that on the 14th Col. Gallup surprised Col. Ferguson's rebel command in Wayne county, Va., capturing sixty prisoners, including Ferguson, his surgeon, and two lieutenants, eighty stand of arms, and a large number of stolen horses, and all the rebel supplies of forage, ammunition, and subsistence. Sixteen hundred Union prisoners are also reported to have been released.

The New York Times has received letters from Newbern, dated the 13th, confirming the reported final retreat of the rebels.

The steamer Africa, with European dates to the 7th, arrived at Halifax on Saturday. The Danes have evacuated Sceleswig and the Dannewerke, falling back to Flensburg, the Germans pursuing. There had been no additional fighting in Sceleswig. A snow storm on the 5th inst prevented anything but skirmishing. A Hamburg dispatch, of the morning of the 6th inst., states that fighting was supposed to be going on, as numbers of wounded were constantly being brought into Rendsburg. Nothing was known of the capture of Missunde.

☞ A furrier, wishing to inform the public that he would make up furs in a fashionable manner, out of old furs which ladies have at home, appended the following to his advertisement:—"N. B.—Capes, victorines, &c., made up for ladies in fashionable styles, *out of their own skins*."

☞ Every dewdrop, every raindrop, has a whole heaven within it, and so has every pure and high human heart.

☞ Gen. Howard says that Gen. Grant is a strictly temperate man, and religious. His marked characteristic is a wonderful faith in his success, amounting almost to the fatality in which Napoleon so strongly believed.

☞ The best substitute for hunger is victuals. Some people recommend other things, but this is the one we place most confidence in.

☞ Put a couple of Englishmen before two huge beefsteaks, if you want to see a *sweep-steaks*.

☞ The Empress's skating has been much praised, but her Majesty on every occasion met with some very profound and fundamental falls. The ladies who skated in the Bois de Boulogne were all got up in the fashion of the skaters in "Le Prophete."

☞ Mr. Punch publishes a laughable cartoon, representing Liberty endeavoring to kiss the Emperor of the French beneath the Christmas mistletoe. But his Majesty seems embarrassed, and remarks, "Eh! no! Really I!—what will my wife say?"

☞ Forests of standing trees have been discovered in England, many feet below the surface of the earth, completely embedded in stone.

☞ Maria Curll, on being married, was congratulated on the change in her condition. She replied that she could not see much change when a Miss Curll became a Miss-Tress. Besides, the man she married was named Hare.

☞ How natural it is for all infants, in their first attempt to speak, to say, *ab bab ba*, or *em mem em!* How few know that these words were used by the first children to express words dear to all! The Hebrew *Ab* or *Abra* means father, and *Em* means mother.

☞ A MARTYR TO HIS PRINCIPLES.—Mr. Spence, of Liverpool, in his last speech before one of the secession clubs, complains that he has lost caste among his Southern friends on account of his anti-slavery sentiments. This brings to mind the remark of Mirabeau's brother, a man who if he had belonged to any other family would have passed as a wit and a roue, but who was so excelled both in brilliancy and debauchery by his brother, that he complained of being considered a saint and a dull fellow.—*Boston Transcript.*

☞ NEW AND OLD.—We generally prefer new articles to old ones—the new-mades to the old maids.

☞ LYING.—If you must violate the truth, wait till you retire at night. If you must lie, lie in bed.

☞ BY OUR CYNIC.—The only chance for some men's hats ever to contain anything valuable is to pass them around for pennies.

☞ OUT OF THE RING.—The rebel Secretary of the Treasury, in reply to a resolution of the House of Representatives, asking what progress had been made in collecting the taxes, says that "so far as informed, the work of assessing and collecting the taxes is now being prosecuted vigorously in all the states of the Confederacy, *except Arkansas, Louisiana, Tennessee, and Texas*." Nothing is said of Kentucky, West Virginia, or "My Maryland."

☞ While we are writing, a little fellow opposite our window is stealing a plank from a fence: living has become so high he is trying to get his *board* for nothing.

☞ "Have the jury agreed?" asked a judge of a Court attache whom he met upon the stairs with a bucket in his hand. "Yes," replied Patrick, "they have agreed to send out for a half gallon!"

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A dreary place would be this earth
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender;
No little hands on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling love-chords tender.

No babe within our arms to leap,
No little feet toward slumber tending;
No little knee in prayer to bend,
Our lips the sweet words lending.

What would the mothers do for work,
Were there no pants nor jackets tearing?
No tiny dresses to embroider?
No cradle for their watchful caring?

No rosy boys at wintry morn,
With satchel to the school-house hasting;
No merry shouts as home they rush;
No precious morsel for their tasting.

Tall, grave, grown people at the door,
Tall, grave, grown people at the table?
The men on business all intent,
The dames lugubrious as they're able.

The sterner souls would get more stern,
Unfeeling natures more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

For in that clime toward which we reach,
Through Time's mysterious, dim unfolding,
The little ones with cherub smile
Are still our Father's face beholding.*

So said His voice in whom we trust,
When in Judea's realms a preacher,
He made a child confront the proud,
And be in simple guise their teacher.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.

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* Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven.—*Matt. xvii. 10.*

How to get up an Evening Party.

[FROM A LONDON PERIODICAL.]

"What a great bore it is getting up a party, to be sure," said Miss Ada, who was directing some small fairy-like envelopes in her delicate Italian handwriting. "For my part I don't believe it will ever go off well: I don't know how to get up an evening party after all."

"Don't you know how to manufacture an evening party?" asked Mr. Surly. "You don't? little puss, eh? Well, then, you must have been going about with your eyes shut, that's all. They are as like as two peas, and here you have got a bushel of soiled white kid gloves in your drawers, and yet you can't tell what an evening party is made of. I am ashamed of you. I could give you a receipt to make an evening party in a jiffy. Nothing so easy. First of all, buy a couple of quires of note-paper; then get some envelopes to match; next begin to think of all the young girls and swells of your acquaintance whom you would like to see; afterwards remember a few old fogies and duennas whom you are compelled to ask, and who will act as ballast to your party. Then set to work and write the invitations; measure the capacities of your rooms, your lobbies, staircases, passages; and if you come to the conclusion that your house can, on the principle of the black-hole at Calcutta, 'accommodate' forty people, take your 'Mordan' in your hand and write out invitations for sixty-five. Now, the most important question about your party is 'who to ask.' The invitations are as important to your party as the suet is to your mince-pies, or the plums are to your pudding. Of course, if you know a real live baronet, or even a knight, you will ask him, and his lady, and three of his daughters, if he has so many. The next thing to be done is to secure an officer. It does not much matter to what regiment he belongs. I don't expect that you can secure a guardsman; you have to angle with coronets, and such like dainty baits before you can catch those delicate trout—perhaps, however, Mr. Buckland would come. If *he* comes—by-the-bye—he might bring some of his fish-hatching boxes under his arm, and amuse the company with pisciculture in the intervals of dancing. But it really doesn't matter what the officer is, so that he is an officer and young. If your circle of acquaintances is so miserably contracted as not even to include an ensign of a line regiment, you will have no difficulty in providing yourself with a volunteer article, who may pass muster on this one occasion. Get hold of your volunteer, smile on him bewitchingly, and beg him to come in his uniform. Don't make the mistake of having two soldiers, neither do you mingle the services, and have a R. M. and a soldier. They will be jealous of each other, ten to one, and jealousy is all very pretty in a play, but you had better try at least to shut it out of your ball-room. So much for one of your ingredients for the cooking of a perfect evening party. The next indispensable thing is a dancing parson, or, at any rate, a parson who is not adverse to letting his flock, or his rector's flock, skip about under his own eye. If you can secure a funny parson, so much the better; there is no parson who succeeds so well with young ladies of nineteen, or desperate maidens of thirty-five, as a curate with good looks and raven hair, or golden locks—not even the red coat can charm and soothe the virginal breast like the white choker of the 'clerk' in holy orders. My advice to all giving a party is, nail your parson. Having succeeded in so doing, you must look after your comedy-man. You must have a comedy-man if your party is to go off creditably, and he must be one of those men who, as young ladies express it, are 'such fun.' No particular intellect is required in your comedy-man. He must be good-natured, rather vain of his own acquirements, and always ready to show off. He must be, if possible, young, good-looking, or he won't go down so well with the girls, funny though he be; he must be able to imitate a menagerie, a barn-door assembly, the crying of a child, an old woman's growling; he must have a stock of comic songs, such as 'Vilikins and his Dina,' 'Lord Lovel,' 'Young Ben,' 'He was a nice Young Man;' he must be a bit of a musician, able to accompany himself oddly on the piano-forte. Not a genius in that way either, but just able to make 'fun.' By-the-bye, don't ask a genius unless he has written a sensation book, or is a great gun in a literary way, for your geniuses, especially your unknown ones, will sit in the corner mum, and do nothing for themselves or the party, except eat your trifle and drink your champagne. But to return to the comedy-man. Be sure and do not try to overdo your fun by asking two comic men. One is sure to be put out—probably both will be prosy and dull. They know each other's reputations, ten to one, and then they wax jealous of each other—critical, and will not show off. If your comedy-man has a flourishing beard and moustachios of unquestionable cut, they will supply the place of a catalogue of virtues. The comic man is not unfrequently a man with a queer reputation, but he is a capital dancer, and this, added to his naughtiness and his whiskers, makes him a capital partner and a great success—never try your party without a funny man of this sort. I have warned you against two—

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,
Nor should one ball-room boast their double
reign.

There is one thing, my Ada, you must never forget—though you will have no difficulty in observing it, to be sure—never ask any-one prettier than yourself; don't be cut out by anybody's insulting charms in your own establishment. If any lady at the last ball you attended yourself, engrossed the attention of your favorite partner, now is your time, ask him, and do not invite her. Get hold of an old spinster with a passion for music, and nimble fingers. She will not care for dancing, and you can make her sit at the pianoforte and hammer away hour after hour at your quadrilles. It is cheaper than a fiddler, and a fiddler will drink, whilst the spinster will not. You haven't seen a fiddler blind drunk, with rum, perhaps, tumbling on his face amongst the gallopaders, and fiddling insanely on the ground, whilst the whirlwind of crinoline and trowsers swept over his fallen head? If you have a fancy for lions, and know one, ask him—not two, mind. Apply the same rule to lions as to genteel comedy-men. Your poet or your traveller, your F.S.A., R.A., or O.P.Q., will come with a stiff white choker and a starched countenance. He will not dance, ten to one; what would the society who read his treatise on the jam tarts of the Eocene period think if it saw its lecturer twirling a damsel round and round a ball-room? But if he doesn't dance, the savant is nevertheless a great gun. It is something to have him there; his name is of more avail than his legs, and it is something to talk about after. Garnish your party round the edges, so to speak, with foreigners. They are always interesting if young, and their broken English is rather an improvement. They come in usefully for musical displays too, and when there is a gap in the evening, which requires filling up, set one of your foreigners at the piano, and bid him treat it as he likes. I have suggested that foreigners are weaned on music books, and it would seem so from the way in which they take to music when they grow up. Frenchmen are the best for the conversation business, and the very manner in which they shrug their shoulders is almost sufficient to give *eclat* to your party; but give me a German for the music stool. About Italians I know very little, and Danes just now must be in fashion, I suppose. Americans can't be treated as foreigners; they are only Englishmen spoilt; Russians are gems, but difficult to find.

"When you have satisfactorily ascertained that sufficient people will come to fill your rooms to suffocation, then begin in good earnest to whip your creams, to mould your jellies, to froth your trifles, to draw your corks. Let there be plenty of these latter drawn; never mind about the quality. You are asking a lot of young fellows and girls you know, who won't and can't criticise, who don't know Marsala from Sherry, or the very finest Chateau Margaux from "Old Gooseberry." You will keep a tolerable bottle or two for the nobs and the foreigners and the old fogies, to which you can draw their attention. Give the boys and girls the cheap and nasty drinks; give 'em the benefit of Gladstone's hobby, or rather what his hobby has given birth to—they won't find it out, not they; they will be making pretty speeches in corners, behind fans and window-curtains, and talking sugared nonsense in panting intervals of dancing; they will not detect your Cape impositions. Lay in a stock of ginger beer and lemonade, if you don't think it too expensive, to refresh the young creatures when they have gallopped themselves—as my housekeeper says—'a'most blind.' If you can afford it, let champagne and sparkling hock stand for the ginger beer. If you are on the eve of bankruptcy, do the same thing, for you see it can't matter so much then, and you may as well be hung for a full-grown bell wether as strangled for an insignificant lamb—you know. Buy a few pounds of grapes; cover a table in the supper-room with a lot of colored, shining, shivering and shaking dishes: stick a vase here and there; sow a few bunches of flowers amongst the eatables; rub up your old silver and your new electro-plate, if it will stand rubbing; polish your glass to its utmost lustre.

"If your spoons and forks are not numerous enough, borrow from your neighbors and friends. If your neighbors and friends can't or won't lend you, apply to the nearest hotel for the loan. When you have done all this, get dressed, pop on a little pearl powder, rub on a little rouge, pin on your head-dress, draw on your gloves, and calmly abide the result." J. J. B.

WHISKERS.

There were three things which were too hard for the Wise King—yea, four, which he could not understand. I do not know whether whiskers were worn in the time of Solomon, though, from pictures which I have seen, by gentlemen who appeared to know all about the Jewish fashions in the year 1000 or so, B. C., I should be inclined to suppose that they were—in conjunction, however, with moustaches and beards; and this combination seems to me to take off from the effect of whiskers pure and simple, which is perhaps the reason why Ecclesiastes says nothing about them when he sums up the matters which were incomprehensible to him. But as for me, who am neither wise nor a king, I have no hesitation in confessing that, amongst the thousand things which are too hard for me, yea, thousand and one which I cannot understand, not the least unintelligible is the way of a woman with whiskers. In the famous American Constitution it is laid down, as an incontrovertible proposition, that "all men are born equal;" but I think a still more indisputable proposition is, that "all women love whiskers." The French word for that adornment—if it be an adornment, which I doubt (for I haven't any myself)—confirms me in my belief; for what is a whiskered man called in French? Why, *un monsieur a favoris.* Many kinds there are more or less unbecoming; but the most fascinating of all, I have been informed, is the cuneiform. Whiskers of this kind, especially when dressed with a composition called *brilliantine*, and connected with moustaches, are said to be irresistible. They are fabled to have come in with the study of Assyrian inscriptions and cuneiform literature; and the trouble taken to obtain them is related to have been, in certain cases, prodigious. We have all heard how Spanish ladies sleep with their hands tied up in an elevated position, by ropes hanging to the ceiling, in order that the reddening blood may be driven out of them; and so it is reported that men desirous of cuneiform whiskers will lie with a certain portion of their whiskers tied by strings to the bed-posts, or with weights fastened to them, to make them grow downwards in the desired direction. The perfection of this form of whisker is, men say, when the apex of the wedge (the base being, of course, upon the cheek) rests upon the shoulder, drooping so far that the ends of the whiskers may be tied behind the head. The possession of a pair of such whiskers is believed to be, in a matrimonial point of view, a great acquisition. It is said to be better than fine eyes, good complexion, splendid teeth, wit, intellect, learning, vocal excellence, or any other natural or acquired recommendation. Money in the funds, or landed property, are alone supposed to be capable of competing with it. For my part, I never had any whiskers to speak of. I suppose I take after my ma, as the barber said, and I have twice suffered from juxtaposition with a cuneiform whiskered friend. At least, I put down my discomfiture to the whiskers. He may have had other merits, of course, but I couldn't see them, whereas I could see the whiskers distinctly. The first case was at a dinner party, when my cousin Scariatina sat between a captain with whiskers and me. Now, when there is nobody at hand with cuneiform whiskers, she is really quite kind to me, but upon this occasion all she said to me was, "he-e-e-m!" *crescendo*, in the most patronising manner, when I asked her if she'd take some sugar with the orange which I had cut for her into a fanciful shape whilst she talked stuff with the cuneiform-whiskered creature, and then, when she fully comprehended my question, "No-no-thanks." You get sugar enough, I suppose, thought I, from Cuneiform; and yet, I vow, all I could hear of his conversation was to this effect: "Ride—Park—s'pose, sometimes?" And then, when a sweet voice, which took my appetite away, answered, "Very, very seldom," he followed it up with a "What's your ridin' weight now?" And when a tinkling laugh, which made my ears buzz, was succeeded by "Really, I don't know, Cap-tain Wat-kins," he said, after looking at her as if she were a jockey, "I should say a little over eight stun, ridin'-habit, an' saddle an' bridle an' all," and so on—nothing a bit more interesting. But I suppose if you can twirl half a yard of whisker at the tip of either shoulder round your fingers, and look at the same time extremely knowing, your conversational gifts are taken for granted. Still, I had thought better of Scariatina.

Romantic Occurrence in Ireland.

It will be remembered by our readers, (says a recent London paper,) that on last Tuesday week one of the largest audiences ever assembled in Cork Theatre was attracted to it by the promised attendance, at the performance of the fox-hunters of the South of Ireland in full hunting costume. Connected with this incident, a story, which contains a strong spice of romance, and which, we are informed on the best authority, is quite accurate, is in circulation, and is to the following effect:—

A gentleman residing in Cork, of considerable eminence in the scientific world, as well as distinguished in the hunting-field and in social circles, was recently at a ball near Queenstown, at which a young lady of great beauty was present. In the course of the evening the gentleman, who had been but a short time previously introduced to the lady, managed to monopolize a large share of her conversation, so much so as to excite some little annoyance among various other gentlemen present, who naturally felt somewhat displeased at being so much shut out from any share of the attention of the *belle* of the room. Amongst these were two English officers, one of whom, in the course of the evening, made a remark to the Irish gentleman in reference to his monopoly of the lady's attention, and added some phrase which, by implication, meant that he (the Irish gentleman) would not be as successful in more manly contests. The Irish gentleman at once accepted the implied challenge, and said that if the lady to whom reference had been made would give him her bracelet to wear as a gage at the next day's hunt, which was to come off near Fermoy, he would undertake to come in at the finish before either of the two officers, and would then write a song, to be dedicated to the lady and in her praise, which he would get set to music, and afterwards sing before one of the largest audiences ever assembled in the Cork Theatre. The wager was at once accepted, £20 being the sum staked. The lady, with much spirit, gave her bracelet, the hunt came off, the gentleman wore it, and rode in triumph at the head of the field. He afterwards did compose the song, and got it set to music, and this was the pretty ballad which Mr. Bowler sung so charmingly after the opera on the night of Tuesday week. To secure the large house on that night the patronage of the fox-hunters of the South of Ireland was obtained by the gentleman who played such a prominent part in the transaction, and the highly successful result was to be found in the crammed condition of every part of the building. The next morning a letter was delivered to the hero of the adventure, containing a cheque for £20, from his rival, with whom he had made the bet, who thus acknowledged our countryman's superiority as a courtier, a cavalier, and a poet. This little bit of romance, which we have the best authority for asserting is true, is peculiarly refreshing in these prosaic days.

The following is the song:

Thy colors in my cap I wore,
Thy presence in my heart I bore:
Surely a charmed life was mine
Since it in thought was linked with thine.
Dora mia, Dora mi,
Only love me as I love thee.

No craven fear my bosom cross'd,
I cared not if the race were lost;
So thou could'st look on me with pride,
For thee I'd willingly have died.
Dora mia, Dora mi,
Only love me as I love thee.

But, thanks to fate, the word's reversed,
And I can sing what I've rehearsed
So often in the weary night,
For thee I wish for thee I fight!
Dora mia, Dora mi,
Only love me as I love thee.

Then, as reward for every task
Performed for thee, I only ask
One single, simple glance of love,
From the bright eyes of my own Dora.
Dora mia, Dora mi,
Only love me as I love thee.

☞ A hund[illegible]ed ducks were curiously caught in a po[illegible]d in the vicinity of Vincennes, Indiana, [illegible] recently. As the pond froze they came [illegible] ut, and the snow melting on them fr[illegible]ze, [illegible] attening their wings, when the boys sal'ied [illegible] in and "bagged them."

☞ Æ[illegible]op's fly, sitting on the axle of the chariot, h[illegible]s been much laughed at for exclaiming "What a dust I do raise!" Yet which [illegible] of us, in his way, has not sometimes been g[illegible]ilty of the like.

JOURNEYING.

"Companion, the night is advancing,
And darkness rolls up on the day,
And I hear, through the mist and the gloaming,
A river that crosses our way."

"Friend, when first we set out in the dawning,
In the gray light, so cold and so dim,
Placed He not, in the far sky above us,
A star that might lead us to Him?

"In the blaze and scorch of the noontide,
With the desert on either hand,
Found we not in the drought the shadow
Of a rock in the weary land?

"And now, while the daylight is waning,
And, trembling, we enter the night,
Shall not we, His redeemed, in the darkness,
See light in His glorious light?

"Beyond, I know that the river
Is deep, and the day grows dim,
But the anguish, and pain, and darkness,
Shall lead us at last to Him.

"I know how strong is the current,
As it rushes by rock and bend;
But 'Behold, I am with you always—
Always, unto the end.'"

THE ROMANCES OF ROYALTY.

"Monsieur, mon frere," and "Madame, ma sœur," were the superscriptions of thirty-nine letters which the Emperor Napoleon despatched some seven weeks ago to all the crowned heads of Europe. And thirty nine answers duly came back to Paris, addressed to "Sir, my brother," Skeptic Frenchmen, nurtured in contempt of royalty and royal etiquette, gave vent to sneers in reading, one after another, the letters of all the brothers and sisters in the Moniteur; but skepticism for once was ill applied. There is little that is more true in the often fanciful modes of correspondence among the various classes of modern society than the assumed relationship of crowned heads.

The whole of the royal families of Europe, with but few exceptions, have, through more or less recent blood alliances, become German. They form, therefore, strictly speaking, but one great family; which is divided, however, into two prominent groups. The first of these groups comprises the Roman Catholic, and the second the Protestant houses. At the head of the first stands the House of Hapsburg, the founder to a great extent, of the system of royal family alliances now existing in Europe.

The matrimonial conquests of the early Hapsburgs were due entirely to the physical advantages of the race. Maria of Burgundy, heiress of all the lands of Charles the Bold, was won, from among a hundred suitors and rivals, by Archduke Maximilian, solely on account of the manly beauty of the latter. The same cause brought the crowns of Aragon and Castile, together with the empire of the New World, to the son of Maximilian and Maria of Burgundy, Archduke Philip. The romance of "Felix Austria" culminates in this Philip. He was so extremely handsome, and exquisitely well formed both in face and figure, that when he arrived in Spain the women in the streets fell down and worshipped him, to the intense chagrin of his wife Joanna, whose jealousy was excited by the merest glance of Philip at others of her sex. The death of Philip, at the early age of twenty-eight, drove poor Queen Joanna into absolute madness. Philip's and Joanna's son, the renowned Charles V., was still endowed with the most striking traits of the male beauty of the Hapsburgs; but after him the quality declined, owing not a little to a too eager search after matrimonial alliances in which wealth and power were the chief objects. The union of Ferdinand I. with Anna, the heiress of Louis of Hungary, who fell in the battle of Mohacs, brought the crowns of Hungary and Bohemia, with the appendages of Moravia, Silesia, and Lusatia, to the house of Austria; but it also brought the hereditary big under-lip of the Jagellons into the Hapsburg family.

In the last two or three generations the principle of matrimonial conquests has been completely abandoned by the Hapsburg family, and a further search after heiresses given up as unwise and undignified. This has been owing chiefly to the advice of several able statesmen, such as Kaunitz and Metternich; but partly also to the absolute necessities of the case. The physical decline of the once strikingly handsome and manly race of Rudolph of Hapsburg had become so evident during the sway of Metternich as to leave no room for doubt; and the thoughtful diplomatist, after the example of his predecessor, used all his influence to remedy the evil. He did not object to his master the Emperor catching flies the livelong day while he was ruling Austria, but his mind revolted at the idea of the empire going to perdition, under his successors, through the imbecility of its hereditary governors. One of the last acts of Metternich was to exclude the Archduke Francis Charles, father of the present Emperor, from the throne.

The most recent matrimonial alliances of the house of Hapsburg Lorraine have been chiefly with the reigning families of Bavaria and Saxony, and, to a lesser degree, with Belgium.—*From the London Spectator.*

☞ Sambo says: "Dese folks make a good many of dees patches from de seat of war out of whole clof."

GIVING CHARACTERS.

People cannot be too careful when they perform the responsible duty of giving characters to servants. Miss Howard, a young lady living at Taunton, has had, this week, bitter reason to repent of what her counsel very mildly termed her "good nature" in giving a false character to a woman named Anne Wingate. The facts of the case were these:—Wingate had lived in Taunton where she was known as a well-conducted young woman. Some time ago, she came to London, where she appears to have fallen into bad habits. In October, last year, this woman wished to get into domestic service, and, being unprovided with a written character, she wrote a piteous letter to Miss Howard imploring her to give her "a twelve-month's good character," and with this request—although it was no less than asking her to be guilty of a deliberate untruth—this young lady was weak enough to comply. The character was worded as follows:—"Miss Howard presents her compliments to Mrs. Boldero, and begs to say during the long time Anne Wingate lived in her service she always found her strictly honest, sober, active, cleanly, and industrious. She can truly recommend her as a good servant—Monkton, October 29th, 1863." Anne Wingate got the place, and turned out to be a bad servant, and an arrant thief. Upon this Mr. Boldero (the gentleman into whose service she had surreptitiously obtained admittance,) made inquiry into the matter, and the result was the appearance of Miss Howard at the Marlborough Police Court on Wednesday last. After the matter had been fully gone into, Mr. Knox (the sitting magistrate) gave the following decision:—

"In a matter of this sort I have but one duty to perform, and that is to protect the public from such false recommendations as these. In this case she (Miss Howard) has given a most excellent character to a very bad thief, who got into Mr. Boldero's service and there committed a robbery. Considering the position of the defendant, I hope the sentence I am about to pass will be a caution to her. In this case I must inflict the full penalty. I have the option of reducing the penalty, but I will not do it. I trust that this will be a warning to all persons in a similar position against giving false characters. I cannot help saying that for any one in the position of the defendant it is scandalous to commit an offence like this. No one can be safe if such things as these were to be slurred over. The full penalty of £20 and 10s. costs I must inflict; in default of payment to be imprisoned for one month. I must add that you (Mr. Boldero) have done the public a most important service in prosecuting this case."

Miss Howard (according to the reporter) "seemed to feel most acutely her position, and cried much."—*English Paper.*

IMPORTANT REQUISITES IN A WIFE.

A knowledge of domestic duties is beyond all price to a woman. Every one of the sex ought to know how to sew, and knit, and mend, and cook, and superintend a household. In every situation of life, high or low, this sort of knowledge is of great advantage. There is no necessity that the gaining of such information should interfere with intellectual acquirement or even elegant accomplishment. A well-regulated mind can find time to attend to all. When a girl is nine or ten years old, she should be accustomed to take some regular share in household duties, and to feel responsible for the manner in which her part is performed—such as her own mending, washing the cups and putting them in place, cleaning silver, or dusting and arranging the parlor. This should not be done occasionally, and neglected whenever she finds it convenient; she should consider it her department. When older than twelve, girls should begin to take turns in superintending the household; making puddings, pies, cakes, &c. To learn effectually, they should actually do these things themselves, and not stand by and see others do them. Many a husband has been ruined for want of these domestic qualities in a wife—and many a husband has been saved from ruin by his wife being able to manage well the household concerns.

THE EARS HEARING UNEQUALLY.—Herr Fessel, of Cologne, in making experiments with tuning-forks, has, by holding one to each ear at the same time, discovered that the ears do not possess an equal power of hearing. It appears, from numerous trials on different individuals, that the highest tones are heard best with the right ear; and no instance has yet been met with in which the hearing was exactly alike on the two sides of the head. This, however, is but a refined demonstration of a peculiarity which has long been popularly known, for who has not heard persons speak of "their best ear?" Still, a practical knowledge of the subject may help in the education of pupils whose ear for music was said to be bad. Perhaps but few persons are aware that there is also a general difference in the sight of the right and the left eye. Some fancy themselves near-sighted, when the only defect is that the two eyes do not focus alike; a defect that may be remedied by artificial means.

☞ Some hearts, like primroses, open most beautifully in the shadows of life.

THE VALUE OF A LITTLE.

Do thy little, do it well;
Do what right and reason tell;
Do what wrong and sorrow claim,
Conquer sin and cover shame.

Do thy little though it be
Dreariness and drudgery;
They whom Christ apostles made,
"Gathered fragments" when he bade.

Do thy little, never mind
Though thy brethren be unkind;
Though the men who ought to smile,
Mock and taunt thee for a while.

Do thy little, never fear
While thy Saviour standeth near;
Let the earth its javeline throw,
On thy way undaunted go.

Do thy little, God has made
Million leaves for forest shade;
Smallest stars their glory bring,
God employeth everything.

Do thy little, and when thou
Feelest on thy pallid brow,
Ere has fled thy vital breath,
Cold and damp the sweat of death,

Then the little thou hast done—
Little battles thou hast won,
Little masteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little favors kindly done,
Little toils thou didst not shun,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne—

These shall crown thy pillowed head,
Holy light upon thee shed;
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the smiling skies.

These to thee shall all be given
For thy heritage in heaven,
These shall all perfume the air,
When the spirit enters there.

Yet they still will linger here,
And thy name shall long endear,
For a legacy shall be
In their deathless memory.

LOST SIR MASSINGBERD.

CHAPTER I.

GIANT DESPAIR.

In a midland county of England, not as yet scarred by factories, there stands a village called Fairburn, which, at the time I knew it first—many, many years ago—had for its squire, its lord, its despot, one Sir Massingberd Heath. Its rector, at that date, was the Rev. Matthew Long; and at the Rectory, when my story commences, there was in pupilage to the said rector a youth, one Peter Meredith, who has since grown up to be the present writer. When we are small, all things seem vast to our young minds; good men are saints, and evil ones are demons. I loved Mr. Long, therefore, although he was my tutor; and oh, how I feared and hated Sir Massingberd! It was not, however, my boyhood alone that caused me to hold this man as a monster of iniquity; it was the opinion which the whole county entertained of him, more or less. The people of Fairburn trembled before him, as a ship's company before some cruel captain of fifteen years back—I mean, of fifteen years before the period of which I write. Press-gangs had not very long ceased to do their cruel mission; there were old men in our village who had served their time in His Majesty's ships, very much against their will; there were gaps in poor families still, which might or might not be filled up; empty chairs, that had so stood for a score of years perhaps, waiting for still expected occupiers; fathers of families, or the props of families, in sons and brothers, had been spirited away from Fairburn, even a little while ago, and had not come back again yet. They had been poachers, or radicals, or sectaries (as dissenters were then called,) or something else distasteful to Sir Massingberd's father; and they had been carried off to sea at his command. Let not my young readers imagine that I am exaggerating matters; I write of a state of things of which they have not the remotest conception, but which I remember perfectly well. They have reason to thank Heaven that they did not live in those times, if they happen to belong to those unprosperous classes which were then termed collectively, "the mob;" there were no such things as "skilled workmen," or "respectable artisans," in those days. The "people" were "the Great Unwashed." To build a Crystal Palace for such as they were held to be, would have seemed to be the height of folly; they would have taken no other pleasure in it than to smash every pane with brick-bats—for were they not "the dangerous classes." Such opinions were beginning to die out, indeed, but they were held still by many great people, and Sir Massingberd Heath was one of these. Reared in a clergyman's family, and a clergyman myself, I have been a conservative in politics all my life, and in that belief I shall die; but rank and power are no excuse with me for evil deeds. In the chamber of my nephew John, who "takes in everything," as the phrase goes, I once discovered a democratic magazine, edited by a gentleman whose surname I forget, but who had a great multitude of initials. All the poor people described in this work were pious and moral, and all the rich people were infidel and profligate; but for the noblemen—and there were a good many persons of high rank in the various stories—were reserved all the choicest invectives and most superlative abuse. Nothing, of course, can be more unfair than this treatment of a class of persons who, considering their temptations, are really more than respectable. As a general rule, the portraits were extravagantly malicious, but they had this attraction for me—they were all exceedingly like Sir Massingberd Heath. He was the very type of that bloated aristocracy that is held up, in scarecrow fashion, by republican writers. There were not many living specimens to be met with even at the date of my tale, and the old baronet, perhaps himself perceiving that he was one of the last of them, determined that he should not be the least in infamy. Like the Unjust Judge, he neither feared God nor regarded Man, and, worse than he, he would not perform a good action on account of the importunity of any person. She must have been a brave woman who importuned Sir Massingberd Heath, and could scarcely have been brought up in Fairburn.

Whether George IV. was King or not, at the period of which I write, it matters not, for his connection with our squire had terminated years before; but at one time they had been fast, very fast friends. When a king and a baronet run a race of extravagance, the king generally wins, and so it had been in this case; his Majesty, or rather his Royal Highness the Regent, had *distanced* Sir Massingberd, and they were not now upon even speaking-terms. Friendships of this sort do not last when one of the parties has spent all his money. What was the use of a poor man at White's who could only look on while his old friends played whist for one hundred pound points, and five hundred pounds upon the rubber? What business—let alone pleasure—could one have in London, when Howard and Gibbs would not lend one fifty pounds even at fifty per cent.? Sir Massingberd had left that gay, wicked world for good, that is to say, forever, and was obliged to live at his beautiful country-seat in spite of himself. He was irretrievably ruined, so far as his court prospects were concerned, for he had no ready money. He owned all Fairburn, and many hundreds of rich acres about it, besides the park and the river; he had the great tithes of the place, and manorial rights (which he exercised, too,) innumerable. Nobody quite knew—he did not know himself—what privileges he had or had not, what pathways he could close at pleasure, what heriots he could demand, or what precise property he had in Fairburn gravel-pits; but in all cases he gave himself the benefit of the doubt. It was a very foolish thing to leave any disputed point to the sense of justice, or the good feeling of our squire, and yet this was generally done. Where it was not done, where some honest fellow had ventured to oppose his high prerogative, even though he gained his end, he was always, as the village-people said, "paid out" for it. I don't mean to say Sir Massingberd murdered him—although he would have done that, I am confident, without the slightest scruple, if it could have been effected with safety to himself—but he took his revenge of him, sooner or later, in a very simple way. He caught his children trespassing—having caused them to be enticed upon his land—and committed them to prison; or he broke down his fences, and spoiled his corn in the night; for he had dependents devoted to his wicked will, and upon whose false-witness he could always rely.

And yet, with all this power, the baronet, as I have said, was a poor man; he had borrowed all the money he could, and was even said to have overreached the London Jews in these transactions; and it was all gone—absolutely all. It was seldom that this great lord of acres had a ten-pound note in his pocket, for his house and land were all entailed upon his nephew Marmaduke, and he had only a life-interest in anything. Poverty perhaps made him bitterer and more savage than he would otherwise have been; but, for my part, I cannot imagine him to have been agreeable under any circumstances. I have heard, however, that at Carlton House he was once the first favorite—after Brummell—and that, of course, made him sought after by many people. He had a wicked wit, which was doubtless acceptable in some circles, and his tongue, it may be, was not quite so coarse in those days of prosperity. He took a delight in his old age in retailing his infamous experiences, before women, if possible, and if not, before clergymen or boys. I remember to have heard of Mr. Long once venturing to reprove his squire upon an occasion of this very kind. The rector had been dining at the Hall—an exceptional occurrence, and under exceptional circumstances—when, after dinner, the host began one of his disgraceful reminiscences, whereupon my tutor rose and said:

"Sir Massingberd, you should be ashamed to talk of such matters to me; but before this boy, it is infamous. I thank you for your hospitality; but I shall go home."

"Very well; go, and be hanged!" replied the baronet; "and Marmaduke and I will make a jolly night of it."

Marmaduke Heath was Mr. Long's pupil as well as myself, and he resided with his uncle at the Hall. He would very much rather have retired with his tutor on that occasion, and indeed have resided at the Rectory, for he dreaded his relative beyond measure. All the pretended frankness with which the old man sometimes treated the boy was unable to hide the hate with which Sir Massingberd really regarded him; but for this heir-presumptive to the entail, this milk-and-water lad of seventeen, the baronet might raise money to any extent, nay, sell all Fairburn if he chose, and so might once more take his rightful station in the world, and rejoin the Four-in-hand Club, and demand his "revenge" from Lord Thanet at ecarte. He could still drink, for the cellars of Fairburn Hall were well-nigh inexhaustible; but if that chit of a lad was but carried off, he might have the best in the land to drink with him. It is true that a ruined man in Sir Massingberd's position can still afford a good table; game is plentiful with him, and fish, and he grows his own mutton and venison, so that neither himself nor his friends need starve; but servants must be maintained to wait upon these, and a great country-house without a carriage is as a lobster without a claw. Consequently, except in the shooting-season, there were no guests at Fairburn Hall; the folks that did come were men of a certain stamp, current, indeed, in good society, but only in that of males; a real lady had not set foot in the Park, far less the house, for the last twelve years; the manner in which Sir Massingberd lived forbade such a thing. A few bachelors of the County Hunt, and half-a-dozen roues from town, were all the company that could be enticed to Fairburn in September and October; all the rest of the year, the grass grew in the avenue untouched by wheel or hoof, and even sprang up among the stone steps that led to the front-door. Somehow or other, I never saw it thus without thinking of the parable of the Sower and the Seed, with some distant and uncharitable reference to our squire! I wondered whether it was possible that in any far-back time any good seed of any sort had found its way into the crannies of his stony heart, and if so, what had become of it. I used to try and picture that violent, wicked man as a child in his cot, or saying his prayers at his mother's knee. I believe she had died soon after her marriage, and that, short as her wedded life had been, it was a very unhappy one.

Fairburn Hall had never been a house for tender, honest women; the Heaths, who are celebrated, like another noble race of the same sort, for their hard hearts and excellent digestions, had never been good husbands. Fortunately, daughters were rare in the family. How Sir Massingberd would have brought up a daughter I shudder to think. One son had been the sole offspring vouchsafed to the baronets of this line for many generations, except the last; and in the present case there was no such direct heir. Some said Sir Massingberd had married secretly, but was separated from his wife, and some said he had not; but it seemed somehow certain with him the immediate succession from father to son would cease. His brother Gilbert had married young in Italy, and had died in that country within the same year. His widow had brought his posthumous child, when a few months old, to the Hall, at the invitation of Sir Massingberd, and had remained there for some time. The villagers still spoke of the dark foreign lady as being the most beautiful creature they had ever beheld. The park-keepers used to come upon her in solitary glades, singing sweetly, but ah! so sorrowfully, to her child in a tongue that they did not understand. The baronet himself was absent, not yet cast out of the court whirlpool, and the lonely vastness of the place was not displeasing to the young widow, wishing, perhaps, to be left undisturbed with her grief; but after Sir Massingberd came down she remained but a very few days. It was said that she fled with her babe in a winter's night, and that her little footprints were traced in the snow to the cross roads where the mail went by, by which she had arrived. She was not rich, and had come down in a manner quite different from that of her brother-in-law, who, broken and ruined though he was, had posted with four horses. That was how all gentlefolks of the country travelled in those days; even the very barristers on circuit indulged, and were obliged to do so, in a chase and a pair. The mother of Marmaduke Heath, however, who was heir-presumptive to the largest landed property in Midshire, was very poor. Whether the late baronet had omitted to make a proper provision for his younger son, or whether Gilbert had made away with it after the usual manner of the Heaths, I do not know, but his widow and child betook themselves into Devonshire—selected, perhaps, from its climate approaching nearer than any other part of England to that of her native land—and there lived in a very humble fashion. How Marmaduke ever got into his uncle's hands I never could clearly understand. His mother had died suddenly, whereupon the family lawyer, Mr. Clint, of Russell Square, who had the entire management of the Heath property, had in the first instance taken possession of the lad; but Sir Massingberd had claimed his right to be the guardian of his nephew, and it could not be disallowed. Such were mainly the circumstances, I believe, but all sorts of stories were in circulation concerning "Giant Despair," as the savage old baronet was called, and his nephew; the general opinion agreeing only upon one point—that no sane person would change places with Master Marmaduke Heath at Doubting Castle, notwithstanding the greatness of his expectations.

CHAPTER II.

MY FIRST INTERVIEW.

My own history has little or nothing to do with the present narrative, and therefore I will not allude to it, except where it is absolutely necessary. Suffice it to say, that my parents were in India, and that for many years Fairburn Rectory was my home. I had no vacations, in the sense that the word is generally understood to mean; I had nowhere else to go, nor did I wish to go anywhere. No father could have been kinder, or have done his duty better by me, than did Mr. Long. How poor Marmaduke used to envy me my wardship to that good man! I well remember the first day I came to Fairburn; it was early summer; its great woods were in all their glory, and to me, fresh from shipboard and the vast waste of sea, the place seemed a bower of bliss. First the gray old church-tower upon the hill; and then the turrets of the hall, half-hidden in oak; and last, the low-roofed, blossom-entangled cottage where I found so bright a welcome—that was the order in which Fairburn was introduced to visitors from town. The Church, and the Hall, and the Rectory, all lay together; the churchyard, dark with yews, encroached upon the Rectory garden; and that bright spot, so trimly kept, that one was moved to pick up a fallen leaf, if such were on its lawn, sloped down into the heart of the Park. A light iron railing, with wires to prevent the hares and rabbits from entering in and nibbling the flowers, alone divided the great man's land from Mr. Long's trim demesne. The deer came up and pushed their velvet horns against it. In copse and fern twinkled the innumerable ear and tail. I had never seen such animals before, and they delighted me hugely. After dinner, on the very day that I arrived, I fed them through the rails, and they ate the bread from my open hand.

"They take you for Marmaduke," said Mr. Long, smiling; "for otherwise they would be shy of a stranger."

"And who is Marmaduke, sir?"

"He is your fellow-pupil, and I make no doubt will be your friend. I wish that he was resident with me, like yourself; but his uncle, who lives at the Hall yonder, will not part with him. He reads with me morning and afternoon, however."

"Does he like reading, sir?" inquired I, with hesitation, for I, for my part, did not. My education, such as it was, had been fitful, incomplete, and, in a word, Indian, and I had come back much older than most European boys have to come home, a sad dunce.

"Yes, Marmaduke is very fond of reading," pursued my tutor; "that is, reading of a certain sort. He always does his work well with me, so I must not be hard on him; but he is certainly too fond of novels. And yonder he comes, see, with a book in his hand, even as he walks."

My tutor pointed to the Park; and there, coming slowly down a long, broad "ride," with his eyes fixed upon a volume he held in his hand, was a youth of seventeen years old or so, which was about my own age. As he came nearer, I began to see why the deer had mistaken me for him; not, indeed, because he was very handsome, (which was not at all the case with me,) but inasmuch as his complexion was as olive as my own.

"Why, he has been to India too!" whispered I to my tutor, rather disappointed than otherwise, for I had had enough of Indian playmates, and to spare.

"No," returned he in the same low voice; "his mother was an Italian."

Then he introduced us; and I began to hang my head, and play with the buttons of my waistcoat, as is the graceful manner of hobble-de-hoys upon such a ceremony; but Marmaduke, completely self possessed, asked about my journey, and particularly what I had seen at sea. He knew so much about sharks and porpoises, that I thought he must have made some long voyage himself, but he told me that such was not the case.

"But I should like to go to sea of all things," said he; "and I would cruise about that cape—what's its name?—until I met with the *Flying Dutchman;* that is the vessel which I wish to see."

"I have never heard of her," said I, proud of that nautical use of the feminine. "Is she one of the Company's ships?"

At this, my tutor began to rub his hands and chuckle inwardly, as was his wont when vastly amused; but perceiving that the color came into my cheeks, he laid his hand upon my shoulder kindly, and said that he was glad to find *my* head, at least, was not stuck full of foolish stories, as some people's heads were; while Marmaduke, without triumphing in the least over my ignorance, explained to me all about that Phantom Ship, which glides full sail upon the astonished voyager, and passes through his vessel without shock or noise. He told the tale exactly as if he had heard it straight from the lips of an eye-witness, and believed it himself; he never laughed, and if he smiled, he seemed to be sorry that he had done so directly afterwards. Some melancholy thought appeared to occupy his mind at all times; and if a bright fancy crossed it, it was but for an instant, like lightning through the cloud. I am not describing an "interesting" youth, after the manner of romance-writers; no "secret sorrow" obscured the young existence of Marmaduke Heath, but simply, as I consequently discovered, vulgar, abject terror. His whole being was oppressed by reason of one man. The shadow of Sir Massingberd cast itself over him alike when he went out from his hated presence, and when he was about to return to it. He was never free from its nightmare influence—never. His passion for reading was not so much a love of books, as a desire to escape in them from the circumstances of his actual life. If he ever forgot him in earnest talk—and he was the most earnest talker, as a boy, I ever knew—the mention of his uncle's name was a Medusa's Head to turn him into stony silence on the instant. If Marmaduke Heath could only have got away from Fairburn Hall when I first knew him, his mind might have regained its natural vigor and elasticity; but as it was, it grew more sombre and morbid every day. His hungry intellect was nourished upon what associations happened to be at hand, and they were very unhealthy food. The wickedness of Sir Massingberd was, of course, sufficiently present to him, like some hateful picture hung at a bed's foot, which the eyes of a sleepless man cannot avoid; while every tongue about the Hall was ready to tell him of the evil deeds of his forefathers. At first, I thought my young friend's constant allusion to his family was the result of aristocratic pride, although, indeed, there was nothing to be proud of in what he told me, but very much the reverse; but I soon found that this was not the case. The history of the Heaths was what interested him most of all histories, and he favored me with extracts from it solely upon that account. As for the fact of their noble blood running in his own veins, he would, I am confident, have far rather been the son of Mrs. Myrtle, the kind old housekeeper at the Rectory.

"We are a doomed race, Peter," he once said to me, not long after we had made friendship with one another. "Generation after generation of us have sinned and sinned. The Corsicans have their family feuds transmitted to them, but they are hostile only to their fellow-men; the Heaths have ever fought against Heaven itself. Each successor to the title seems to have said, like the descendants of Tubal Cain:

> "'We will not hear, we will not know,
> The God that was our father's foe.'

There's the Church," said he, pointing to that glorious pile, which, at Fairburn, was almost a cathedral in magnitude and beauty, "and there is the Hall. They are antagonistic; they are devoted to opposite purposes. I tell you, yes; our family residence is consecrated to the devil."

I am afraid I could not help laughing at this singular notion.

"Nay," cried he, looking round him furtively, "but you shall see that it is so." We were in the Rectory garden, which communicated with the churchyard by a wicket. He led the way into it; and in a distant corner, upon the north side of the chancel, he showed me a sombre burying-ground, separated from the rest of the God's-acre, and imprisoned in dark purgatorial rails. "Do you know why we are all put there," asked he, "instead of with the other Christian folks?"

"You are too proud to lie with the poor, perhaps," returned I, who had still that idea in my mind with regard to Marmaduke himself.

"No," said he; "it is not that—it is because the Heaths will not be buried in consecrated ground."

"But you have a family-vault underneath the chancel, have you not?"

"Yes; but it is not 'snug lying.' None of us have been put there since old Sir Hugh, in Queen Anne's time. When they opened the vault for him, they found his father's coffin with its plate to the ground. It had turned over. The witty parson would have it that it was only natural that it should have done so, since its tenant, during life, had fought alternately for Parliament and King, and was addicted to changing sides. But when Sir Hugh's successor demanded lodging in the place in his turn, they found Sir Hugh's coffin had turned over likewise. This circumstance so terrified the dead man's heir—who had not been on the best terms with him during life, and perhaps thought he owed him some amends—that he swore his father should not lie in such restless company; and as the late baronet had been at feud with the then rector, he determined to dispense with any assistance from the church at all, and buried him in an adjoining field, which was subsequently made the last resting-place of all our race, as you perceive. The burial-service is dispensed with, of course. It would be a mere mockery to address such words as Hope and Faith to the corpse of a Heath of Fairburn."

"My dear Marmaduke," said I, "you make my very blood run cold. But surely you exaggerate these things. Some of your people have been Catholics, and been buried in their own chapel at the Hall, have they not?"

"Only one of them," replied the boy with bitterness. "My great-grandfather, Sir Nicholas, abjured his infidelity, and became a papist, in order to secure his bride. He turned the chapel into a banqueting-hall, however, and used the sacramental plate in his unholy revels; but after death, the priests got hold of him at last, and "Nick the Younger," as he was called, now lies under the altar which he so often profaned. The beginning of his funeral-ceremonies was not conducted so decently as the last rites. He had got outlawed, I believe, or, at all events, was driven abroad in his latter days, and died there. Nobody at Fairburn had heard of him for many months, when one October night, as Oliver Bradford, who is now the head-keeper, but was then a very young man, was watching in the home-preserves, he heard a terrible noise in the high-road, and making his way out, came upon this spectacle: two men in black, and upon black horses, rode by him at full speed, and close behind them came a hearse-and-four, likewise at the gallop. The plumes upon it waved backwards, he says, like corn, and all the black trappings of the thing fluttered and flapped as it went by. Another man on horseback, singing to himself a drunken song, closed this horrid procession. It moved up towards the village, and Oliver listened to it until the noise seemed to cease about opposite to the Park gates. The solitary witness, frightened enough before, was now doubly terrified, for he made sure that what he had seen was the news of Sir Nicholas's decease, brought over in this ghastly and characteristic fashion. He did not for a single moment imagine that it was a palpable vision; and yet he had seen a veritable funeral pass by. The old baronet had died in France, leaving directions, and the money to carry them out, that his corpse should be taken at night, and at full gallop, through every town that lay between Dover and Fairburn. Alive or dead," added Marmaduke, grimly, "the Heaths are a charming family."

"At all events, my dear fellow," said I, laying my hand upon his arm, "you will have nothing to fear from comparison with your forefathers. You may make a good reputation at a cheap price. Very little virtue will go a great way with the next tenant of Fairburn Hall, if half the tales we hear be true."

"And what tales are those?" inquired a deep, low voice at my very elbow.

I believe I jumped a foot or two in the air myself, so great was my alarm; but as for my companion, if those grass-grown tombs which we were contemplating had given up their wicked skeletons before his eyes he could not have exhibited a greater excess of terror.

Beside me stood a man of herculean proportions, who, by his dress, might have been taken for an under-gamekeeper, but for a very massive gold chain which hung from the top button-hole of his waistcoat down to its deep flapped pocket. What is now, I believe, called an "Albert guard," resembles it on a smaller scale; but at the time I spoke of, such an ornament was altogether unique. His face, too, evidently belonged to one who was used to command. On the forehead was a curious indented curve like the letter U, while his lips curled contemptuously upwards also, in somewhat the same shape. The two together gave him a weird and indeed a demoniacal look, which his white beard, although long and flowing, had not enough of dignity to do away with. I had never heard Sir Massingberd's personal appearance described; but even if I had not had before me his shrinking nephew, I should have recognized at once the features of Giant Despair.

"And what tales are those which are told against the present tenant of Fairburn Hall?" reiterated the baronet, scanning me from head to foot with his cold glittering eyes. "And who is this young gentleman who comes to listen to them from the lips of my loving ward?"

"Sir," said I, "your nephew was saying nothing whatever against you, I do assure you. I was merely referring to the gossip of the village, which, indeed, does not make you out to be entirely a saint." I was angry at having been frightened by this man, who, after all, could not hurt *me*. I had been accustomed, too, to Indian life, which, without making one bolder than other people, indisposes one to submit to dictation, which is only the duty of the natives.

Sir Massingberd reached forth one iron finger, and rocked me with it to and fro, though I stood as firm as I could.

"Take care, young gentleman, take care," said he; "that spirit of yours will not do down in Fairburn. Mr. Long does not seem to have taught you humility, I think. Marmaduke, go home." He spoke these last words exactly as a man speaks to his dog who has injudiciously followed him to church on Sunday, in the hope that he was bent on partridge-shooting.

The boy instantly obeyed. He shrank away, passing as closely to the churchyard railing as he could, as though he almost feared a blow from his uncle.

"There is humility—there is docility!" sneered the baronet, looking after him. "And if I had you up at the Hall, my young bantam, for four-and-twenty hours or so, I'd make you docile too." He strode away with a laugh like the creaking of an iron hinge, for he saw that I did not dare to answer him—he strode away over the humble graves, setting his foot deep into their daisied mounds, as though in scorn, and his laugh echoed again and again from the sepulchral walls, for it was joy to Sir Massingberd Heath to know that he was feared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HEALTHFULNESS OF CURRANTS.

The following recommendation of this easily cultivated fruit comes in season to encourage the planting of it:—

A correspondent of the American Agriculturist, says:—"Whenever I see the abundant planting of currants recommended by you, I feel as if I must tell you that I have found this excellent fruit a sure preventive of dyspepsia. For three summers past I have made my breakfast of them as long as they were to be had, and eaten them frequently during the day besides. I find that a plateful of currants eaten with sugar in the morning, disposes of all the bad accumulations in the stomach, without giving diarrhœa, and helps to strengthen the digestive power through the wholesome acid this fruit contains, in which it is superior to the strawberry, raspberry, etc., for I have tried each in its turn. I can digest without trouble a hearty dinner after I have had a breakfast of currants, while at times my stomach has been so weak that a cupful of broth or soup only would give me pain as if a cancer was gnawing within me." This accords with the experience of many others, but in the treatment of dyspepsia, or any other disease, it should be borne in mind, that "what is one man's meat is another's poison." Each must experiment and determine for himself what is suited to his particular case. In general, however, it may be safely asserted, that a more liberal use of this and other fruits during summer, in place of meat, would greatly diminish dyspepsia and other ailments of the digestive organs. It is to be remembered, however, that when currants are eaten, every berry is to be broken before it is swallowed; the gastric juice of the stomach cannot act upon the unbroken skin, and whole currants produce irritation through the whole alimentary canal.

AMUSING CALCULATION OF CHANCES.

It is easy to show you, reader, that five hundred years ago the chances were ten thousand to one that you and I would never exist. If we look at the chances as only exhibited in only two or three generations, we shall be astonished and horrified at seeing how narrowly we have missed having no being. For instance, my grandfather was a soldier in the Revolutionary army for six years and repeatedly exposed to death. On one occasion, when his company engaged by platoons, he was the only survivor of two different attacks. Now, if he had fallen in any of those attacks, he would not have married, my father would not have been born, and consequently I myself would have had no being. Again, my father paid his addresses to a certain young lady, and was engaged to her. Just before the time appointed for the marriage, a misunderstanding arose between them, all ties were dismissed, and my father married another woman—the same woman who has since done me the honor of being my mother. Now, if my father had married the first-mentioned lady, I never should have been born, as her children could not have possibly been my mother's children, and my mother might not have had any children at all. You see, therefore, that a mere lover's quarrel may change the whole line of a family for thousands of years. In fact, if Miss Smith is courted by both Jones and Jenkins, it is for Miss Smith to decide (as she certainly has the power of doing) whether she will be the ancestress of ten thousand Joneses or ten thousand Jenkinses; for on her choice depends the very existence or non-existence of these possible descendants. The whole subject is so full of fatalism that the only thing we can do, after once getting into existence, is to shout with the Arabs: Allah is Allah! What is to be will be."—*Elkton's Autobiography.*

☞ Anecdote of Franklin.—At one time the rich merchants and professional men of Philadelphia proposed to form themselves into a social circle, from which all mechanics were to be excluded. The papers were drawn up for this purpose and presented to Dr. Franklin for his signature. On examining its contents he remarked that he could not consent to write his name, inasmuch as by excluding mechanics from their circle, they had excluded the Almighty, who was the greatest mechanic of the Universe.

☞ As a schoolmaster was employed in Scotland in teaching a sharp urchin to cypher on the slate, the precocious pupil put the following question to his instructor: 'Whaur diz a' the figures gang till when they're rubbit oot?"

☞ The poor Great Eastern has had the last insult offered, namely, a bid of £50,000, at the recent sale. It is thought she will go to the lottery, after all.

REPREHENSIBLE ALTERATIONS.

Certain alterations from the London edition in the American reprint of the Life of Theodore Parker, are exciting much attention, and justly elicit much censure. The Boston Transcript says it has the best authority for stating that Rev. Mr. Weiss, who compiled the work, had no hand whatever in mutilating the original edition. The Daily Advertiser, in an elaborate notice of the volumes, thus rebukes the partiality shown to particular individuals by the person who revised the English stereotype plates:

He does not want to speak ill of Mr. Horace Greeley, for instance, and therefore omits the following passage, which is in the English edition:

> "Greeley is not fit for a leader. He is capricious, crotchety, full of whims and wrong headed. How he talks on political economy, which he knows so little about! How he took the side of Russia in the Crimean war! How is he now? Unwilling to object to the admission of a new slave state; and what a mean defence he makes of a mean speech! He is honest I think, but probably weak for a man in such a position."

The next sentence was, "But he is quite humane and surrounds himself with some of the best talent in the country." The American edition coolly welds the word "Greeley" by a string of stars upon the closing words:—and reads amiably, "Greeley * * * * is quite humane," &c.

Again, on the same page:

> Daniel Webster stood on higher anti-slavery ground than Abraham Lincoln now. (1858.) Greeley's conduct, I think, is *base.* I never had any confidence in him. He has no talent for a leader.

All this is omitted in the American edition where constant abuse of Mr. Webster is retained. But if any passage happens to abuse Gen. Banks, it is left to stand. And the same preposterous discrimination appears all along in the American emendations. If Dr. Gannett is satirized, the satire is left in print;—if Mr. Hepworth, or Dr. Furness, the name is omitted or the satire toned down. No conceivable rule can be suggested, by which these omissions and alterations have been made,—but the mere personal attachments of the operator who held the scissors.

Nothing in the world was more unlike Mr. Parker, than this sort of favoritism in satire. Nothing would have disgusted him so much as such reservations. Had he edited Mr. Weiss's biography, we are sure he would have omitted all private references in his letters to living men. But had such references once been printed, he would never have done what the unknown American abridgment-maker has done; he would have let friend and foe fare together.

The following is the omitted passage which relates to Mr. Beecher:

> "Beecher showed that part of him which is jesuitical,—not so small a part as I could wish it was. How ridiculous for Sharp's Rifle Beecher to be preaching such stuff at this time; but he can't stand up straight unless he have something as big as the Plymouth church to lean against. Let us be thankful for all the good he does and is, but not ask of him what he has not to give. All men are not born to be heroes."

We are entirely of opinion that such words, written from a sick chamber in Rome, with none of the facts fully before the writer, should not have been printed at all. But if printed in England,—it is only the grossest one-sidedness, such as Mr. Parker and Mr. Beecher would ridicule alike,—to omit it from a letter where the ridicule of others is left to stand.

☞ President Lincoln.—A correspondent of a London paper, who has had an interview with the President, thus mentions him in a recent letter:—"President Lincoln is not a polished speaker, neither does he wield a polished pen; but he has a way often of saying the fitting thing—expressing the right thought or feeling in homely phrases, that give to the thought or feeling its due place, above all regard to mere style. Thus is gained a remarkable power, in the way of an emphatic and direct simplicity, which reaches and holds every hearer or reader. In the presence of the fine, sincere, and appropriate sentiment, the absence of the classical finish is not felt."

☞ In a recent English work called "The Gentleman," the author praises the housewifery of the Queen, and names a duchess, marchioness and countess who know how to use a stew-pan and cook an omelette. He says that unfortunately, at the present day, many women of the middle classes have no care for anything but keeping up appearances.

☞ At the recent representation of the "Templar" at the Court Theatre of Hanover, the tenor, Niemann, who was to sing "Proud England, rejoice," altered the text, and sang "Proud England, be ashamed of yourself." This political demonstration was received with outbursts of applause. The next day the English Ambassador demanded of the king the dismissal of the impudent singer.

☞ The Hallowell (Maine) Gazette says that William Willis, who lost a leg at the siege of Fort Pulaski, having been furnished with an artificial "Palmer's leg," goes skating on the river as glibly as though he had never been engaged in subduing the rebellion.

Dickens on Thackeray.—Chas. Dickens says:—"The last words he (Thackeray) corrected in print, were, 'And my heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss.' God grant that on that Christmas Eve when he laid his head back on his pillow and threw up his arms as he had been wont to do when very weary, some consciousness of duty done and Christian hope throughout life humbly cherished, may have caused his own heart so to throb, when he passed away to his Redeemer's rest!

"He was found peacefully lying as above described, composed, undisturbed, and to all appearance asleep, on the twenty-fourth of December, 1863. He was only in his fifty-third year; so young a man, that the mother who blessed him in his first sleep, blessed him in his last. Twenty years before, he had written, after being in a white squall:—

> "'And when, its force expended,
> The harmless storm was ended,
> And, as the sunrise splendid
> Came blushing o'er the sea;
> I thought, as day was breaking,
> My little girls were waking,
> And smiling, and making
> A prayer at home for me.'

"Those little girls had grown to be women when the mournful day broke that saw their father lying dead. In those twenty years of companionship with him, they had learned much from him; and one of them has a literary course before her, worthy of her famous name.

"On the bright wintry day, the last but one of the old year, he was laid in his grave at Kensal Green, there to mingle the dust to which the mortal part of him had returned, with that of a third child, lost in her infancy, years ago. The heads of a great concourse of his fellow-workers in the Arts, were bowed around his tomb."

A Novel Masquerade.—The novel idea consists in a game of "*whist dansant;*" the aces, kings, queens, and knaves of the four suits being represented by as many dancers, attired so as to give an idea of the various suits, the smaller cards likewise holding their part, though it is not quite so easy to imagine how these last will be distinguishable in costume. What, however, appears difficult to ourselves will probably not prove so to those experienced adepts in the art of costuming consulted on such subjects, and who are already racking their brains and inventions for something new to be produced on these general occasions. A sort of dance will thus be formed of these fifty-two animated cards, who, to the utter disgust of scientific lovers of the great and glorious game, will actually dance out *the hand* to the sound of the most inspiriting strains of Waldteufel's band. This is all the talk of Paris at this present moment, and is supposed to be quite a new idea, though one would not be at all surprised to find, in raking up some of the chronicles of our ancestors, that such a dance of spades and hearts, and clubs and diamonds, had years ago been got up for the recreation of some pleasure-loving sovereign and his fair partner.

The Insurance on the Life of the French Empress.—The Paris correspondent of a contemporary says:—"You will have heard a great many contradictory reports about an insurance lately effected on the life of the Empress. I will therefore give you the letter of the director of the National Insurance Company, written to establish the truth: 'Her Majesty, naturally anxious for the future of the works of charity which she has commenced, has conceived the noble idea of an insurance on her life of 2 000 000 francs, which has been effected in the office of which I have the honor to be a director, and which her Majesty purposes to devote to the continuance, after her death, of the establishment Eugenie-Napoleon, the Infant Aid Asylum, and the Relief Bank for Soldiers and Sailors, all institutions due to the initiative of the Empress,—Accept, &c., Onfroy.'"

☞ Calhoun on Military Necessity.—Some prying editor or correspondent has recently unearthed, from Mr. Calhoun's disquisition on government the following:—"Exigencies will occur, in which the entire power and resources of the community will be needed to defend its existence. When this is at stake, every other consideration must yield to it. Self-preservation is the supreme law, as well with communities, as individuals. And hence the danger of withholding from government the full command of the power and resources of the state; and the great difficulty of limiting its powers consistently with the protection and preservation of the community."

☞ Among the recruits brought before the Enrollment Board at New Haven the other day was a negro, all broken out with the small pox, and whose condition was not discovered until he had been in the room for half an hour. The man was removed and the surgeon at once set about vaccinating the crowd.

☞ Josh Billings says:—"Aul of us kompiane ov the shortness ov life, yet we all waste more time than we uze."

☞ A writer, dwelling upon the importance of small things, says that he always takes "note even of a straw"—especially, perhaps, if there's a sherry cobbler at the end of it.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

Women's Pennsylvania Branch,
1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Mr. Caleb Cope, *Treasurer,*
N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor St., Phila.

Sub-Committee on Correspondence.

Mrs. M. B. Grier, *Ch'rm'n,* } Ex-Officio.
Mrs. B. H. Moore, *Cor. Sec.* }
Mrs George Plitt, *Rec. Sec.* }
Mrs. W. H. Furness.
Mrs Lathrop.
Miss M. M. Duane.
Mrs. Phoebe M. Clapp, *Asst. Sec.*

U. S. SAN. COM. IN NEW JERSEY.

At the time of the organization of the Women's Pennsylvania Branch, efforts were made for the establishment of a Branch in New Jersey. These efforts having failed, the state was divided between the New York and Philadelphia Branches. That section of New Jersey embracing Monmouth county and all the counties above it, was assigned to New York; Mercer county and all counties below, to Philadelphia. This division was made with a regard to the facilities of transportation, and seems to be a wise and suitable one. Recently a Branch of the Commission has been established at Newark: and it may be that some of the Societies in southern New Jersey, which have been contributing to us, may prefer to send their supplies there in future. So that they reach the U. S. San. Com. it does not much matter through what Branch they are sent, excepting that we always advise that they should be shipped to the nearest point, on account of economy in freight.

New Jersey has responded nobly to the appeal made to her through our Branch, and every box sent by her, has been duly acknowledged and credited to her, and will continue to be. In her contributions to the fairs, to be held in New York and Philadelphia, we would recommend that this line of division be observed. That is that the counties of Mercer, Ocean, Burlington, Camden, Atlantic, Gloucester, Salem, Cumberland, and Cape May, should send specimens of their manufacture, etc., etc. to "The Great Central Fair" to be held in Philadelphia; and that the remaining counties should contribute to "The Metropolitan Fair" to be held in New York.

Those who have an abundance of books and newspapers can scarcely realize with what avidity they are sought by our soldiers in camp and hospital. We hear that there is a great dearth of reading matter. Cannot each of our auxiliary societies send us in their next box a package of something towards supplying this deficiency?

THE GREAT CENTRAL FAIR FOR THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

We have been asked whether our Associate Managers were expected to exert themselves, in their respective sections, in behalf of the Great Central Fair. We hope that each will interest herself in making known throughout her section that contributions are solicited from every town and village in the State; but it is of the highest importance that she should not suffer her exertions in behalf of the Fair to interfere with her ordinary duty of obtaining supplies. We hope that all that is necessary is, that it shall be known that a Fair is to be held for such a purpose, on a gigantic scale; a Fair which shall be, as it were, a grand and worthy exposition of all the resources of the State; and every loyal working man—every individual who can produce or procure anything that has money value, from a bushel of potatoes or a pair of socks up to pianos and steam engines—would send his and her offering, to show their sympathy with and appreciation of this great organization, which has "extended its giant arms over the whole country, and embraced within its charities every hospital and every battle-field."

Philadelphia has probably done more than any other city in the Union for our soldiers, but the state of Pennsylvania has done less in proportion to her size. Such a fair as the one proposed, would give us an opportunity to stand foremost in relieving the wants of our suffering soldiers, as well as foremost in putting troops in the field, as we most certainly have been. It would not be necessary to beg contributions for such an end. Counties would vie with each other in holy emulation—towns would strive to out-do each other, in the variety and extent of their contributions—men, women and children would all have something to send.

The first contribution made from Delaware to "The Great Central Fair" is a new plough; which has been recently patented by its inventor, Mr. Emmor Jeffries, of Wilmington.

It is requested that each contribution be plainly marked with the name and residence of the contributor.

The time at present mentioned for the opening of the Fair is the 6th of June. Should there be any change, we shall announce it as soon as made.

Mrs. Holstein suggests that Aid Societies in making up drawers, should select a colored material instead of using white.

Pads should be made from two to four inches thick. Thin ones are of no use, and are wasted, unless ladies are on hand to alter and make over. Black enamelled cloth should never be used, as the glazed material have frequently been known to cause sores.

Mrs. Holstein, whose invaluable services in Field Hospitals, most of our correspondents know of; and who has thus acquired a fund of useful and interesting knowledge upon all points connected with our soldiers, in camp and hospital, is about to devote a part of her time while temporarily released from her duties to visiting various towns, in the S. E. section of our state; in order to disseminate such information as may be needful or interesting to them to receive. She expects to visit Easton, Stroudsburg, Harrisburg, Lebanon, Carlisle, Chambersburg, York, Gettysburg, Columbia, Lancaster, and some other places, where we doubt not her services will prove as acceptable to the people as valuable to the cause she is engaged in.

The 83rd Illinois was stationed at Fort Donelson at the last battle there, when, it will be remembered, it repulsed an attack of some six thousand of the enemy. A young soldier in Christ, name Adams, was severely wounded in the attack. He afterwards lay wasting away, day by day, in the hospital. He had enlisted while at college, with some dozen others, to fight the battles of freedom. One day, when he was extremely weak, he asked the doctor how long he would probably live.

"Not long," was the reply. "You are near your end" "Is that so?" "Yes, it is indeed so." Putting forth superhuman exertions, he raised his body with the help of his companions, many of whom were standing around his cot, and stretching forth his emaciated arms, with a voice faint but firm, he articulated his request to "*Give three cheers for the flag of the Union!*" His fellow soldiers gave them with a will and an emphasis, that only our brave boys know how to, and then awaited his further requests. Thus far we have a beautiful picture of the dying patriot and hero. But this was not all.

Said the dear fellow, "Now boys, one of you *kneel down and pray!*" They dropped on their knees. A Christian comrade led in prayer. While he was in the solemn act, the spirit of young Adams, joyful and triumphant, as in a chariot of glory, took its flight home! This is dying as becomes a Christian soldier hero. Such power has the religion of Christ.

DONATIONS.

Monday, Feb. 15th.

The Women's Penn. Branch United States Sanitary Commission acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

School Lane Circle, Mrs. W. F. Johnson, Sec'y, 2 pkgs.; Ladies Aid, Doylestown, Bucks co., Mrs. Julia Brock, Sec'y, 1 box, 3 bbls; Whitpain Ladies' Aid, Centre Square, Montgomery co., Miss S. A. Covard, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Lock Haven, Clinton co., Mrs. H. D. Barton, Sec'y, 1 box, 1 keg of pickled cabbage; a lady of Rupert, Columbia co., 1 box; Industrial Branch, Miss E. H. Haven, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; Soldiers' Aid, St. Clement's church, Mrs. Clapp, 1 pkg.; Mrs. S. Peterson, flannel shirts; St. Peter's church, 4 pkgs.; Dr. Brainerd's church, 1 pkg.; Aid Society, Gibson, Susquehanna co., Miss O. D. Suttle, 1 box; Chambersburg, 4 bxs.; Vaughn Sewing Circle, wool shirts; a gentleman, 54 handkerchiefs; Germantown Field Hospital Association, 2 pkgs.; Ladies' Aid, McConnelsburg, Fulton co., Mrs. M. A. McConnel, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Jacobstown, Miss Fisetta Platt; Ladies' Aid, East Freedom, Mrs. C. G. Butler, Sec'y, 1 box, 1 keg; Ladies' Aid, Claymont, Del., Mrs. Graff, Ladies' Relief, First Presbyterian church, pkgs.; Mrs. G. D. K., 1 pkg.; Dallas, Luzerne co., A. E. Kirkendale, Sec'y, 1 box; Green Tree Army Aid, 2 boxes; Ladies' Aid, Mainsburg, Tioga co., Mrs. R. K. Brundage, Sec'y, 1 keg; Chilisquaque Ladies' Aid, Mrs. H. J. Park, Sec'y 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Laporte, Sullivan co., 1 box; Bloomsburg, Columbia co., Mrs. H. J. John, Sec'y, 1 box; Mrs. James Hill, Reading, Berks co., 1 box; Mrs. and Miss Leitzinger, Port Kennedy, 1 box; South Charleston Relief Association, Wellsboro', Tioga co., 2 boxes; Attleboro, Bucks co., Ladies Aid, H. G. Roland, Sec'y, 3 bbls.; Soldiers' Relief, Church of the Holy Trinity, Mrs. Wm. Bucknell, Sec'y, 3 pkgs.; Ladies' Aid, Towanda, 1 bbl.; Aid Society, Fallsington, Bucks co., 2 bbls; Mrs. Dr. Cooper, New Castle, Del., 1 pkg.

NEWS ITEMS.

Remarkable Hold on Life.—Major George N. Lewis, of the 12th Regiment is in town, stopping at the United States Hotel. His remarkable wound promises to heal, and his life will be saved. Not one man in ten thousand would survive such a wound. It was a canister shot, weighing about four ounces, and made a hole clear through him, shattering his collar-bone and shoulder-blade and splintering his spine. It did not displace the vertebræ, which would probably have ended his life suddenly; but it has left a hole through him, and it is said that even now a stick can be passed through it.—*Hartford Times.*

Ancient Pyramid in California.—Another of these numerous evidences of a civilized antiquity in the New World has just turned up, it seems, in the shape of a great stone pyramid, composed of courses from eighteen inches to nearly three feet in thickness and five to eight feet in length. It has a level top of more than fifty feet square, though it is said to be evident from the remains that it was once completed. This pyramid differs in some respects, from the Egyptian pyramid, being more slender or pointed, and the outer surface of the blocks being cut to an angle, that gave the structure when new and complete, a smooth or regular surface from top to bottom.

Dr. Livingstone, the African traveller, is reported to have been killed by the natives while endeavoring to discover the source of the river Shirra. Some accounts, however, state that he was only badly wounded, and was alive at last advices. Sir Roderick Murchison believes the latter statement. The tragedy is reported to have occurred near Lake Nyassa. Several Makololas who accompanied him are said to have been killed.

Utah.—A Salt Lake letter says that never since Utah was added to the domains of our venerable Uncle Samuel did the City of the Saints contain such a huge pile of "transient residents" as now. The gentile population have got a fearful dose of the development mania, that is, they have got the mental-mineral fever, and they are daily discovering gold mines, lead mines, iron mines, coal mines, and mare's nests.

☞ Is Man a Ruminating Animal?—The New Bedford Mercury is responsible for the following:—"One of our dentists has met with a man who ruminates like an ox—all his food in due time, after being swallowed, being returned to the mouth and re-masticated. This is done without any exercise of the patient's will, and is attended with the same quiet enjoyment that marks the countenance of a ruminating cow. The case is to be reported in the Dental Cosmos, and we may refer to it again. It is certainly a most extraordinary physiological fact."

☞ It is beginning to be the fashion, now that the Empress Eugenie shows the traces of waning beauty, to speak of her Majesty as possessing an immense fund of wit and great cultivation. It has just been divulged that her favorite poets are Lope de Vega, Shakspeare, Victor Hugo, and Alfred de Musset.

Catching the Wrong Customer.—A few weeks ago a lady, dressed in the height of fashion, and attired in the most expensive materials, entered one of the most extensive jeweller's shops in the Rue de la Paix. She looked over article after article, and found nothing to suit her, so she left the shop without purchasing anything. She had not been gone long when the jeweller missed a valuable brooch. Nobody had entered the shop but this fine lady, and she was certainly the thief. In a moment the shopkeeper was in full chase of her. He soon overtook her, and rudely enough told what had occurred—adding that she must go with him to the police station. The lady trembled violently in every limb, became as pale as death, and stood silent, and white, and motionless as a marble statue. The shopman became ruder. A gentleman of the lady's acquaintance passed by; seeing the distress she was in he inquired what the matter was. He angrily turned to the shopman with a "Do you know who this lady is?"—but before he could add another word the shopman joyfully exclaimed—"There it is! there it is!"—and he proceeded to disentangle from the meshes of lace with which the lady's talma was trimmed the valuable brooch. "Do you know who this lady is?" angrily repeated the gentleman. "She is the Baroness de Rothschild."

☞ The first sin combined "the lust of the eye"—the woman "saw it was pleasant to the eyes;" "the lust of the flesh"—it was "good for food;" and "the pride of life"—"it was a tree to be desired to make one wise."

☞ It costs nearly thirty dollars to kiss a married woman, against her will, in Cincinnati.

☞ A Worcester contemporary tells of a pugnacious goat, who seeing his shadow in a hole made in the ice, lowered his head, shook his caudal appendage spasmodically, and at a tremendous gait rushed upon the shadow, went into the hole out of sight under the ice and has not since been seen. Moral: never rush into anything without giving the subject due consideration.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market continues unsettled and dull. Sales of Flour comprise 12,000 bbls in lots at $6,25 for superfine; $6,75@7 for extras; $6,87@7,50 for extra family; $8@8,50 for fancy do, and $9@10 ℘ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are but little inquired for, with small sales of the former at $6@6,50 ℘ bbl, the latter for better brands.

GRAIN comes in slowly. Sales comprise about 35,000 bus Wheat, in lots from store, at $1,60@1,68 for fair to good and choice reds, and $1,75@1,98 for white. Rye is in limited demand at $1,30 for Penna. Corn is firm, with sales of about 50,00 bus, mostly at $1,11@1,12 for yellow. Oats; 25,000 bus Penna found buyers at 86@87c. Barley and Barley Malt remain quiet, with small sales of the latter at $1,65@1,70.

PROVISIONS—The market for the Hog product continues active; 500 bbls Mess Pork sold at $22@23 for country and city packed, and old $20@21. Of Beef the sales are moderate at $12 for country, and $16@17 for City Mess; sales of Beef Hams are reported at $21@21½, and dressed Hogs at $9½@10½ the 100 lbs. Bacon is scarce. Of Green Meats, which are also scarce, we note sales of 1,200 casks Hams in pickle at 13@13½c, do in salt at 11½c and Shoulders at 9½@9¾c ℘ lb. Lard finds ready sale at 14@14c½c for tcs, and 15@15½c for kegs. Butter is steady at 25@28c for Pennsylvania and Ohio packed, and 30@36c for New York state, the latter for fine Goshen. Cheese is firm within the range of 14@16c, and choice dairy and factory at 17@18c ℘ lb. Eggs are unsettled, and quoted at 24@25c ℘ doz.

COTTON—Sales reach 450 bales, part by auction, at from 65 to 85c, cash, for inferior to middling and good middling quality.

BARK comes in slowly, and 1st No. 1 Quercitron finds ready sale at $37 ℘ ton. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX—Good yellow is in request at 52c ℘ lb.

COAL—Orders come in slowly, and the market continues neglected and dull.

COFFEE—The market is firmer; sales of 1500 bags are reported, in lots, at 33½@35c for Rio, and 34@34½c for Laguayra.

COPPER is firm, and Yellow Metal in steady demand at 36c, on time, for sheets.

FEATHERS—Good Western sell at 60@62c ℘ lb.

FRUIT—For fruit the demand is moderate. Green Apples range at $2,50@3,50, and Cranberries at $8@12 ℘ bbl. Dried Fruit is firm, but quiet; we quote Apples at 9@9½c, and unpared Peaches at 13@15c ℘ lb for quarters and halves. Pared Peaches continue scarce and high.

HAY is selling at $25@27 ℘ ton.

HEMP continues quiet.

HOPS move off as wanted at 21@[illegible]c for fair to choice lots.

IRON—The market is buoyant; sales of some 1500 tons mostly Anthracite No 1 at $47@48, cash, and No 3 at $42@44 ℘ ton. Scotch Pig firm at $50 ℘ ton. Blooms and Boiler Plates continues scarce and high, and manufactured Iron in good demand. Nails have advanced to $6 the 100 lbs net cash.

LEAD—The market is firm.

LUMBER continues in good demand.

MOLASSES is firmer; some small sales of Cuba are reported at 55@60c; about 1000 bbls New Orleans, in lots, part by auction at 61½@71c, cash at time; 800 hhds Sugar House at 40@41c, 600 half bbls do at 53c, on the usual terms.

PLASTER continues scarce.

RICE is firm at 7¾@8¼c ℘ lb.

SEEDS—There is more Cloverseed offering, and the sales are limited at $8,50@89. Timothy is lower, and sales of 2500 bushels are reported, at $3,50@3,62½ ℘ bushel. Flaxseed is steady, and selling a $3,25@3,30.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is quiet at $1,05@1,07. Whiskey is firmer and more active; 1300 bbls sold at 90@91c for refiled and good western, and drudge at 88@90c.

SUGARS are better and more active.

TALLOW—The market is firm.

TOBACCO—There is not much doing.

WOOL—A few small lots only have been disposed of at 80@83c for medium and fine fleece, and 75@78c for low and mixed lots.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized were from $8 to 13 ℘ 100 lbs. Cows brought from $30 to 40 ℘ head. 5000 Sheep were sold at from 7 to 8½ cts ℘ lb. 2500 head Hogs brought from $10 to 11,25 ℘ 100 lbs.

THE TENNESSEE RIVER.

Mr. Everett, in a recent speech at Boston, gave the following very picturesque description of East Tennessee and the Tennessee river:

That river, fellow-citizens, is in some respects one of the most remarkable on the continent. Its northern affluents rise in the State of Virginia, but, as if to read a lesson of Union in the very face of the soil,—as if to prop the fabric of the Union by the eternal buttresses of the hills, instead of flowing to the Atlantic like the other rivers of Virginia, it gathers up the waters of its tributary streams, and connecting Virginia and the Carolinas with East Tennessee, flows southward down to the northeastern corner of Georgia.

There, after kissing the feet of the glorious hills of Chattanooga, instead of flowing to the gulf, its seeming natural direction, it coquets with Northern Alabama, breaks into the Muscle Shoals, plants Decatur at their head, and Florence at their feet, and then sweeping back to its native North, traverses the entire width of Tennessee a second time, seemingly running up hill; for while it is flowing northward, the Mississippi parallel to it, and at no great distance, is rolling its floods southward—enters the State of Kentucky, and empties at last into the Ohio, fifty miles above its junction with the Mississippi—thus binding seven States in its silver circuit, and connecting them all with the great central basin of the continent.

The soil of Eastern Tennessee is rich; the mountains are filled with coal and almost every variety of ore; their slopes bubble with mineral springs; the climate is temperate and healthful; the territory mainly divided into farms of a moderate size, for the most part tilled by frugal, industrious men, who own the soil, which yields them its well-earned abundance. In no part of the State are there so few slaves; in none is there a more substantial population; in no part of the South is the slave interest so feeble. East Tennessee greatly resembles the lower ranges and fertile valleys of Switzerland, and it has often been called the American Switzerland. It is divided into thirty counties, and its population does not, I think, fall short of 300 000 souls. My friend, Colonel Taylor, nods assent.

But this grand valley, with the hills that enclose it, possesses an interest for us far beyond that which attaches to their geographical features, merely as such. It is one of the most important links in that chain of valley and mountain which traverses the entire North American continent from northeast to southwest, separating the streams which flow into the Atlantic from those which seek the St Lawrence, the Ohio and the Mississippi. Forcing its way down into the heart of the region, whose alluvial plains are devoted to the culture of tobacco, cotton, rice, and sugar, by slave labor, this ridge of highlands, with the valleys enclosed in them, from the time you leave the State of Pennsylvania, begins to assume the highest political importance, in reference to the present stupendous struggle. Extending to the southwest as far as Northern Alabama, this noble mountain tract, and the valleys enclosed in its parallel and transverse ridges, is, by the character of its climate, soil and natural productions, the natural ally of the North. Here, if nowhere else, we may truly say, with the German poet—

On the mountains is Freedom; the breath of the vales
Rises not up to the pure mountain gales.

☞ A FRANK CONFESSION.—At a meeting of the Southern Independence Association in Manchester, (Eng) when about one hundred and fifty persons were present, the President, Lord Warncliffe, said that "believing the Union was overgrowing its powers of strength and cohesion, it was best for the Americans and for *our own dear native land*, that we should see its disruption."

☞ Slugs are said to have invaded Australia in hosts. A professed eye-witness says he saw them moving, in millions, in a compact body, stripping the country, marching about a mile and a half a day, and clearing a breadth of a half a mile in their line of march. The Australian shepherds were looking for help to the grasshopper bird, hoping he might change his diet, for a time, to slugs, especially as grasshoppers are scarce.

☞ A Parisian doctor has discovered that brandy or rum is the best antidote for chloroform, and that it will at once counteract the effects of an overdose.

☞ As evidence of a woman's insanity, one of the reasons cited on a recent trial out West was: "Her viewing the subject of religion from the esoteric stand point of Christian exegetical analysis, and agglutinating the polysynthetical ectoblasts of homogeneous ascetism."

☞ A writer in "The London Builder" gives an illustration of the influence a name may exert even upon a street, which lately occurred in his neighborhood, where a street was named Benjamin road by the freeholder. The houses, however, not letting as quickly as they should, the builder changed the name to Clifton road, and rapidly found tenants. The proverb, "give a dog a bad name," applies to a street. It is a misfortune that the importance of a good name is not better understood.

☞ A New York jury has been fined $250 each for bringing in a verdict of "We agree to disagree." The officer who suggested the verdict to the foreman of the jury was fined $100, and suspended from pay and duties until the further order of the Court. The Court must have been very dignified just then.

VALUABLE FOR THE SOLDIER.—*Brown's Bronchial Troches* will be found invaluable to the Soldier in the camp exposed to sudden changes,—affording prompt relief in cases of coughs, colds, etc. For Officers and those who overtax the voice, they are useful in relieving irritated Throat, and will render articulation easy. *As there are imitations, be sure to* OBTAIN *the genuine.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
S. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN R. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 28 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

A DISEASED LIVER.
A DISEASED LIVER.
A DISEASED LIVER.

Dr. Radway's Pills are a positive cure for all disorders of the Liver, Spleen, Kidneys, Pancreas, Heart, and other glands. Disease of the Liver is caused from improper medication of other diseases. Misguided treatment for Fever and ague, Chills and Fever, Bilious and other Fevers, Small Pox, Constipation, Costiveness, Dyspepsia, are fruitful sources of Liver Derangement, excessive and immoderate doses of quinine, calomel, drastic pills, are sure to cause engorgement, torpidity, and sluggishness of the Liver, and enlargement of the Spleen. In all cases where purgative medicines are required, use Radway's Pills, and these evils will be avoided. Those who suffer with Liver Complaint, should commence the use of these Pills at once; a cure will soon follow. They occasion no straining, tenesmus, piles or weakness; they insure a regular movement from the bowels daily. Persons troubled with Costiveness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, are assured a cure. Price 25 cents per box. These Pills are elegantly coated with gum.

RADWAY & Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
"Sold by Druggists."

Health for the Sick and Afflicted.

SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY

Bronchial, or Asthmatic Affections, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Nervous Debility, Night sweats, all Pulmonary Complaints. Its use is sure to bring health and strength to the weak and prostrated. Dr. Swayne's Compound being the production of a thoroughly educated Physician, and having stood the test of many years' experience, we feel that we cannot urge its claims to the sick too strongly, or say too much in its favor. A few doses will mostly cure a slight Cough or Cold. Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, No. 330 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. feb27-1y

The only Known Restorer of Color and Perfect Hair Dresser Combined.

"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."

1. It will restore gray hair to its original color.
2. It will make it grow on bald heads.
3. It will restore the natural secretions.
4. It will remove the dandruff and itching.
5. It will make the hair soft, flexible and glossy.
6. It will preserve the original color to old age.
7. It will positively prevent the hair from falling off.
8. It will cure all diseases of the scalp.

It is not a Dye, nor does it contain any ingredient injurious to either skin or hair. Price 50 cents; six bottles, $2,50. Sold by Doctor SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. feb27-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. A. Longacre, WILLIAM H. MARTIN, to MARGARET S. O'BRIEN, of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. John Street, Mr. LAWSON PALMER, to Miss EMMA SHOCK, both of this city.

On the 28th of Jan., by the Rev. Mr. Alday, Mr. EDWARD A. PAGE, Jr., of Trenton, N. J., to Miss MARY M. SHEDERLING, of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. HENRY SELL, to Miss ELIZABETH HAMSON, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. W. O. Johnstone, Mr. WILLIAM WILSON, to Miss MARY BOYD.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Alday, Mr. JOHN HENNSEPPER, to Miss HARRIET LUFFBERRY, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. W. B. Irvin, Mr. JAMES HILTON, to Miss MARY CRIGHTON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Ironton, Lawrence county, Ohio, on Wednesday morning, Feb. 3, 1864, Mrs. FRANCES BARTRAM, wife of Wm. Bartram, Esq., and eldest daughter of Saml. N. and Mary R. Bonsall.

On the 16th instant, Gen. WILLIAM DUNCAN, in his 92d year.

On the 16th instant, JANE, wife of Jas. Potts, in her 56th year.

On the 17th instant, MARY A. YARDLEY, in her 64th year.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. MARGARET ROBERTS, aged 58 years.

On the 15th instant, Mr. RICHARD THOMPSON, in his 59th year.

On the 15th instant, REBECCA A. GRAVENER, aged 29 years.

On the 14th instant, SAMUEL LINDSEY, in his 38th year.

On the 13th instant, JACKSON P. COMLY, in his 47th year.

On the 13th instant, WILLIAM J. WILLIAMS, aged 61 years.

On the 12th instant, SARAH RITTENHOUSE, in her 64th year.

On the 13th instant, Mr. EDWARD P. JONES, in his 74th year.

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SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

OFFICE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, February 15, 1864.—To the Stockholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company:—The following statements will exhibit the operations of the Company for the year 1863:

The Earnings of the Railway between Philadelphia and Pittsburg during this year, were from

Passengers, first class	$2,202,776 83	
Passengers, emigrants	72,757 96	
		$2,275,534 79
United States troops		514,633 15
United States mails		73,303 29
Express under contract	75,735 60	
Extra express freight	[illegible]	
		263,178 82
Freight		[illegible]
Miscellaneous sources		164,194 00
Total earnings		$11,891,412 95

The expenses for operating the line were:—

For conducting transportation	$1,384,661 27		
For new buildings and extensions	317,485 46		
		$1,702,146 73	
For motive power	1,842,978 91		
For new tools and machinery	10,483 88		
For new locomotives	357,655 31		
		$2,211,088 02	
For maintenance of road	1,211,497 15		
For new second track and sidings	344,870 42		
		$1,556,367 57	
Maintenance of cars	$466,001 88		
New cars added to stock	727,903 05		
		$1,193,904 93	
General expenses		117,487 96	
			$6,780,000 21
Leaving net earnings			$5,111,412 74

The gross revenues of the Line, this year, are equal to $33,3[illegible] per mile of main line of road, (356 miles,) and exceed in the aggregate those of 1862, $1,377,121 89. This is made up by an increase of $344,144 5[illegible] for passengers and emigrants,—of $ 55,2[illegible] for troops,—of $[illegible] 77 for United States Mails—of $[illegible],342 12 for ordinary, and $116,276 05 for express freights.

A decrease occurs in miscellaneous receipts of $140,-391 31.

The whole number of passengers carried over the road during the year was 1,787,886, averaging a distance of 64.6 10th miles each passenger.

The number of tons of freight moved, (including 162,933 tons of fuel and other material transported for the Company,) was 2,464,7[illegible], embracing 933,189 tons of coal.

The increase in the coal traffic is 65,053 tons, and the whole tonnage over that of 1862 year 231,275 tons. To meet this increase of traffic there has been expended for new locomotives, new cars, second track and sidings, &c., $3,642,8[illegible] 84, all of which has been charged to the expenses of operating the road. There was expended for similar objects in 1862, $1,22[illegible] 779 46.

The earnings of the Company's Canals were

From Susquehanna Division	$242,146 83
From Juniata Division	24,436 91
From Western Division	9,741 29
From Miscellaneous sources	10,841 40
Total earnings	$287,156 32

Against $256,431 76, in 1862.

The expenses of maintaining, enlarging and operating the Canals, were

For Susquehanna Division	$159,555 94	
For Juniata Division	152,423 83	
For Western Division, including purchases of boats in consequence of abandonment of Canal above Blairsville	40,295 51	
		352,274 32
Showing a loss on the Canals during 1863, of		$65,217 99

The expenditures in 1862, for same object, were $230,131 5[illegible]—showing an increase of $144,9[illegible] 70 during the past year.

The enlargement of the Canal will be completed by the opening of navigation in 1865, from Columbia to the Millerstown Dam, on the Juniata, a distance of fifty-nine miles. Above that point, the locks will only be enlarged as they require rebuilding, until there is a reduction in the price of materials and labor. At the Millerstown Dam, the Railway and Canal are close to each other, affording every requisite facility for transhipment of freights from the Road to Canal, and giving a full opportunity to test the capabilities of the latter work for the cheap transportation of heavy products. The Western Division of the Canal, which has been a source of continued expense to the Company, may be abandoned upon the extension of the Western Pennsylvania Railroad to the Allegheny Valley Railroad.

The whole income of the canals from the first of August, 1857, when they came into possession of the Company—six years and five months—amounted to $1,5[illegible],196 11, all of which has been appropriated to their maintenance and improvement, except the sum of $97,[illegible] 21, an amount about sufficient to meet the expenditures upon them previous to the resumption of navigation in the Spring. The Canal Department will then start with an enlarged canal upon its Eastern Division, and a portion of the Lower Juniata, and with nearly the whole line east of the mountain regenerated. In its present condition, this portion of the property of the Company may safely be estimated as worth $1,500,000, and should, hereafter, return at least an interest of six per centum per annum upon that sum.

The Philadelphia and Erie Railroad was not opened throughout its length, as anticipated, by the first of January last, owing to circumstances which that Company could not control. This Company has promptly supplied it with all the capital needed for the construction of the road, but the requisite labor could not be obtained. The completion of the line may, however, be confidently expected in July next. The revenues derived by this Company under its lease, from those portions of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad delivered to it, have fully sustained the estimates of the Board on submitting the contract with that Company for your confirmation. They are, for the year 1863, as follows:

From Passengers	$373,694 20
" Troops	20,568 01
" Freights	288,234 53
" Express packages and freights	11,000 83
" Mails	13,424 99
" Miscellaneous sources	20,137 02
	$727,060 93

The expenses during the same time were:

For conducting transportation	$209,624 2[illegible]	
" Motive power	77,[illegible] 04	
" Maintenance of way	127,229 33	
" " " cars	11,758 58	
" Thirty per cent. due on lease to meet interest on bonds, &c.	218,[illegible] 96	554,288 99
Net earnings of road		$172,772 94
Which is chargeable with the interest on the rolling stock, shop, machinery, and their probable depreciation, estimated together at about 12½ per centum, say		$127,772 94
Leaving net profits of lease		$45,000 00

The whole receipts of the Company from the operations of its works, including the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad for the year 1863, were as follows:

From the Pennsylvania Railroad	$11,891,412 95
" " Pennsylvania Canals	287,156 32
" " Philadelphia and Erie Railroad	727,060 93
Total receipts	$12,9[illegible]

The net revenues of the Company during the past year have been absorbed in the payment of the interest upon its debt, two semi-annual dividends of four and five per centum respectively, and in the construction of the communication roads—the Philadelphia and Erie, and the extension of its own line to the Steubenville and Pittsburg Road, opposite Pittsburg, second track, increase of rolling stock, the purchase of real estate for the road at Pittsburg and other points, &c. All of these expenditures have been met from the earnings of the road—an increase of $257,[illegible] in the debt of the Company, and a sum of less than a half a million of the securities received from other Companies. All the Railroad Companies claiming assistance under the Commutation Act have received the amounts that they were respectively entitled to, except the Pittsburg and Steubenville Line, which has been delayed in its expenditures in consequence of its imperfect rights across the State of Virginia. Since those have been determined, the work has been steadily pushed forward, and will be completed during this year.

The expenditure of the commutation fund, as might have been anticipated, has involved the necessity of further advances to complete these lines to points that would render them serviceable to the public and profitable to the Company. In pursuance of this plan, the Ebensburg and Cresson Railroad has been opened to Ebensburg, the Tyrone and Clearfield to Philipsburg, and the Bedford Road to the Southern Turnpike, near Bloody Run. The Bald Eagle Valley and the Western Pennsylvania Railroads have made such progress as to insure their completion before the close of this year,—the first, to the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad at Lock Haven, and the second, to the Allegheny River opposite Freeport. These lines will not be immediately productive, but it is believed that nearly all of them will eventually yield a direct profit upon the investments made in their securities.

The amount paid for these securities has been charged to Profit and Loss, and the securities placed in the Sinking Fund established for the payment of the Second Mortgage Bonds.

The Board has heretofore called the attention of the shareholders to the policy of aiding the construction of a branch road from or near Greensburg, in a southwestwardly direction. It still views such an improvement with favor; and, should the citizens of that region embark in the enterprise, as has been proposed, it would recommend that you should extend to it efficient aid.

The expenditures of the Company during the past year, in addition to the interest on its debt, dividends, taxes, and the ordinary disbursements for operating its roads and canals have been $5,077,0[illegible]; which includes $1,647,8[illegible] expended in the purchase of new cars, new locomotives, construction of second track, &c., charged in expenses for operating the road.

There will be required for similar objects during 1864—if the requisite labor and materials can be obtained for the outlay—as follows:—

For New Locomotives,	$1,450,000
" " Cars,	1,[illegible]
" Construction of Phila. and Erie R. R.,	700,000
" Shops, Engine Houses, and Shop Machinery Phila. and Erie R. R.,	250,000
" Shops, Engine Houses, Depots, Pa. R. R.,	250,000
" Extension Penna. R. R. to Pittsburg and Steubenville R. R.,	200,000
" Extensions of Sidings and arrangements for Oil Depot,	350,000
" Commutation and other Roads,	500,000
Total,	$5,000,000

About the same amount as expended the past year.

Of this sum we may estimate as derivable from the net receipts of the road, $3,000,000, and the remainder from the sale of securities in the possession of the Company.

The tonnage of the Pennsylvania Railroad east of Harrisburg, upon the completion of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, will be largely increased, and will consequently demand increased accommodations. Of this portion of the line, that west of Columbia is leased from the Harrisburg and Lancaster Railroad Company for 999 years, and the remainder was purchased from the Commonwealth in 1857. The Harrisburg and Lancaster Road has two tracks separating at Middletown, one intersecting the State Road at Columbia, and the other at Lancaster. The requirements of the freight traffic which follows the Columbia Branch, (in consequence of its better gradients,) already demands a second track, which is being laid, thus giving three tracks between Middletown and Lancaster.

The alignment of the old Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad is exceedingly defective, and when the present scarcity of labor shall cease, it will be the duty of this Company to materially alter and improve the details of its location, and prepare it for three tracks for a large portion of the distance east of Lancaster. Although two tracks are capable of accommodating almost an unlimited traffic of similar character, such as coal, lumber, &c., yet when the business of the line is very large and diversified, requiring different speeds for its trains to insure its proper development, a third track placed between the two main tracks becomes necessary to insure punctuality and efficiency to a great thoroughfare. Upon other portions of the line a similar enlargement of the facilities afforded by a third track will eventually become necessary, the points for which can be determined when the traffic of the system of roads that this Company has been endeavoring to perfect shall be developed.

The completion of the remaining twenty-one miles of second track, all of which is required between Lewistown and Mill Creek, will be suspended this year in consequence of the scarcity of labor and the necessity for its use for other objects of more pressing importance.

The rapid destruction of iron under the high speeds and heavy locomotives now used upon railways, has become a subject of serious consideration, not only to the managers of these improvements in this country, but also in Europe. When the Pennsylvania Railroad was planned, a locomotive weighing 45,000 to 50,000 pounds was considered as the extreme limit to these machines, justified by prudence. But the demands of the public for high speeds has compelled the introduction upon all thoroughfares of more powerful engines. These could only be obtained by adding to their dimensions and weight, which has produced its natural result,—great wear and tear of iron rails, and the superstructure of the road. This evil has been still further increased by the inferiority of the rails now manufactured, compared with those placed upon railways when the edge rail was first introduced. It was then deemed essential that rails should be made from the best refined iron produced from selected ores. The great increase in the demand for iron under the rapid development of the railway system in England and this country, soon caused the substitution of an inferior article, which seemed for a time to answer the purpose, but which experience has proven to be insufficient to resist the causes referred to, as continually operating for its destruction. A return to the quality of iron originally used on railways, would be the natural remedy for this difficulty, but this will require time, as none of the rail mills have the required furnaces to refine their metal. In Europe this subject has been longer considered, and the determination appears to be general, to gradually substitute a still more expensive material, either a rail made wholly of steel—with a steel head only—or the wearing surface converted into steel after the iron rail is made. The present high cost of rails made entirely of steel, will probably prevent their general adoption, although the rapid destruction at the termini and stations, where the iron rail in some positions does not last six months, will fully justify their introduction. For the purpose of testing the relative value of steel and iron rails in such positions we have procured 150 tons of rails made wholly of cast steel. A trial is also being made of a rail with a steeled wearing surface passed through the rolls, when drawn from the converting furnace, which promises well. It is understood that favorable results have been obtained from rails, the top plate in the pile from which they were made being puddled steel. If the two metals can thus be firmly welded together, this improvement in railway bars will be generally adopted. This is a subject of such great importance to the Company, that it will continue to meet the earnest attention of your Directors, and if necessary to affect the reformation desired in the quality of rails, it should become important to erect works to effect that object, such a policy will be adopted. The frequent renewal of rails is not only expensive, but it adds to the interruption of the traffic of the line.

It will be seen from the Treasurer's statement, appended to this report, that there remains, after paying coupons due January 1st, ult., on first mortgage bonds, and setting aside $1,000,000 for a contingent fund, to be charged with any extraordinary expenditures on account of accidents from fire, floods, or other casualty, in order that regular dividends may not be disturbed from such occurrences, a balance to the credit of the Company of $6,621,565 80.

The contingent fund was established chiefly by placing in it the amount claimed by the state for tonnage duties, which was afterwards commuted into an obligation to suspend this sum upon certain railways of *other* Companies. This fund was to be charged with these disbursements as they occurred, but the increased traffic of the line in consequence of the closing of the markets on the Mississippi River for western products, and other causes, seemed to justify the direct charge of these outlays to profit and loss, and increase the contributions to this fund to the amount stated, and apply it to the objects and for the purposes already mentioned.

The sinking fund established for the payment of the second mortgage bonds of this Company and those of the Harrisburg and Lancaster Railroad Company, the payment of which it has assumed, amounts to $1,454,-314 12. The securities placed in this fund have been so fortunately selected that they are now worth considerably more than twice their cost, and without further additions except the bonds of the commutation roads, (since placed to this account,) it will be sufficient to pay, at maturity, with its own accumulations, the bonds for which it was created.

The semi annual payment to the state of $230,000, for the interest, and towards the principal of the purchase money for the main line, will extinguish the debt due to the Commonwealth before it falls due. By continuing to pay this sum out of the revenues of the Company as heretofore, there will remain no other debt unprovided for, except the first mortgage of $5,000,000, which can be continued at a low rate of interest, in preference to its payment.

The shareholders will doubtless feel gratified to learn from this exhibit that the Directors have kept steadily in view their original reluctance to incur a debt for the construction of their road, and in pursuance of the policy indicated by their wishes, have provided, at the earliest moment consistently with the permanent interest of the Company, for its reduction to a sum, that all must admit, can be maintained without any risk to the Company.

In presenting these gratifying results of the operations of your road, it must not be forgotten that the causes which have been largely instrumental in producing them cannot long continue. The railways of the North generally, since the first year of the rebellion, have greatly increased their earnings. Those of this Company have advanced from $5,3[illegible]65 21, in 1859, the year before the war commenced, to $11,891,412 95, in 1863. This increase is chiefly in freight, the passenger business having increased but from $[illegible], to $2,275,534 79, omitting the earnings from transportation of troops. The increase in the money receipts from freight, for obvious reasons, is greater than the tonnage.

The limit to the receipts of the Company from eastward bound traffic, during the continuance of favorable navigation on the Ohio river, has only been controlled by the amount of rolling stock at its command.

At all other periods the equipment has been ample to meet the demands upon it. The revenues of the Company, during January of this year, show a large falling off, compared with those of 1863, owing to the ice blockade of the Ohio river, and to the interruption to the traffic of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railway Company. But we have not much expectation that the business of the road for the year will be materially less than last year.

The increase in the receipts of the Company from freight, being largely due to more remunerative rates of freight, the decrease in its revenues, that may be confidently looked for after the close of the war, will not affect the tonnage of the road in the same ratio. The stimulus given to the internal trade of the State, by the great demand that has existed for the past two years for her products, added to the additional traffic that may be expected from the new territory opened by the branch lines and extensions already made, and those that will be brought into use by the close of the year, will go far towards maintaining the tonnage of the main stem, which time must gradually continue to augment.

The surplus profits of the Company, and the disposition made of them, have already been referred to. They are now represented by good securities, in the possession of the Treasurer. The Board, from prudential reasons, has heretofore declined to recommend a division of them, but it does not now see any sufficient reason for their longer retention. An extra dividend has therefore been declared of fifteen dollars ($15) on each share of the present capital, as registered upon the books of the Company, February 15, 1864, which dividend shall be payable in the Stock of the Company, at its par value of fifty dollars ($50) per share. The additional stock thus created, to be dated May 2, 1864, and be entitled to dividends payable in November next, and thereafter of same amount semi-annually, as the present stock of the Company. The certificates of stock for the extra dividend, to be delivered to Stockholders on and after May 2, 1864.

The Directors feel much gratification in renewing their expression of unabated confidence in the intelligent, efficient, and faithful services of the heads of the several departments instituted for the management of the business of the Company, their officers and employees generally.

For more detailed information in relation to the operations of the road, the shareholders are referred to the reports of Enoch Lewis, General Superintendent, W. H. Wilson, Chief Engineer, and J. P. Laird, Superintendent of Motive Power, &c., of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and to the report of Joseph D. Potts, General Manager of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, and to that of T. T. Wierman, Chief Engineer of the Canals of the Company. By order of the Board,

J. EDGAR THOMSON, President.
THOMAS A. SCOTT, } Vice Presidents.
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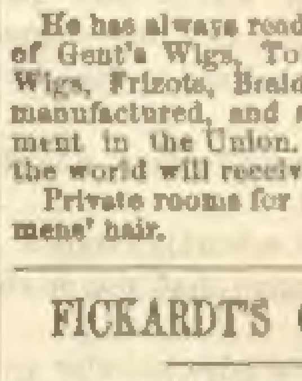

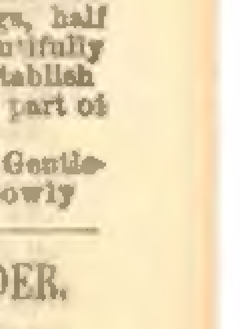

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Wit and Humor.

SPEAKING HIS MIND.

Old Deacon Hobhouse had a habit of frequently thinking aloud. Especially if any matter troubled him, he had to talk it over with himself before his peace of mind could be restored. One day he was alone in his barn, pitching hay from the scaffold to the mow, when his neighbor Stevens went to find him. Stevens heard a voice and listened. It was the Deacon talking to himself. He was condemning in the strongest terms the extravagance of the minister's wife.

"She sets a worse example than Satan!" exclaimed the Deacon, by way of climax.

And having freed his mind, he was preparing to come down from the loft, when Stevens glided out of the barn, and came in again just as the Deacon landed on the floor.

"How d'ye do, Deacon?" cried Stevens. "I want to borrow your half-bushel an hour or two."

"O, sartin, sartin," said the Deacon. The measure was put into the neighbor's hands, and he departed.

It was a peaceful community—the minister's wife was an excellent woman, notwithstanding her love for finery, and Deacon Hobhouse was of all men the least disposed to make trouble in the society. Hence the sensation which was produced when the report circulated that he had used almost blasphemous language in speaking of that amiable lady. The sweetest tempered woman would not like to hear of a grave and influential Deacon declaring that she "sets a worse example than Satan!" The minister's wife, whose ear was in due time reached by the report, felt in a high degree incensed, and sent her husband to deal with the honest old man.

The latter was astonished when told of the charge against him.

"I never said so!" he solemnly averred.

"You are quite positive that you never did?" said the minister.

"Heaven knows! It's false as false can be!" exclaimed the Deacon. "Whatever thoughts I may have had about your wife's extravagance; and I am *now* free to say I *do* think she has set our wives and daughters a-running after new bonnets and shawls, and such vanities—whatever thoughts I've had, though, I've kept 'em to myself; I never mentioned 'em to a living soul, never!"

The good man's earnestness quite convinced the minister that he had been falsely reported. It was therefore necessary to dig to the root of the scandal. Mrs. Brown, who told the minister's wife, had heard Mrs. Jones say, that Mr. Adams said that Deacon Hobhouse said so; and Mr. Adams, being applied to, stated that he had the report from Stevens, who said that *he heard* the Deacon say so. Stevens was accordingly brought up for examination, and confronted with the Deacon.

"It's an outrageous falsehood!" said the Deacon. "You know, Stevens, I never opened my lips to you on the subject—nor to any other man."

"I heard you say," remarked Stevens, coolly, "that the minister's wife set a worse example than Satan; and I can take my oath of it."

"When? Where?" demanded the excited Deacon.

"In your barn," replied Stevens, "when I went to borrow your half-bushel."

"There never was such a lie, Stevens—Stevens," said the quivering Deacon—"you know—"

"Wait till I explain," interrupted Stevens. "I was on the barn floor, you were up on the scaffold, pitching hay, and talking to yourself. I thought it too good to keep; so, just for the joke, I told what I heard you say."

The Deacon scratched his head, looked humbled, and admitted that he might in that way have used the language attributed to him. To avoid trouble in the society, he afterwards went to apologize to the minister's wife.

"You must consider," said he, "that I was talking to myself; and when I talk to myself, *I am apt to speak my mind very freely.*"

OLD BACHELORS.

"Talk about old maids!" says a lady correspondent, "if there is anything that I perfectly abhor, it is an old bachelor. There's one of my acquaintances, for instance, (I am sorry to acknowledge the fact,) who has spent over fifty years of miserable bachelorhood, itinerating from place to place, until he has become so shrivelled and dried that his bones rattle when he walks, like an empty barrel on a wheelbarrow. His face has become of the hue of saffron, and his hair a strange imitation of red pepper and salt. It is not Mr. Flint's fault, the reason he has never struck a match. He has been vainly endeavoring to light one at the hymeneal altar for the last forty years. He obtained board recently at a hotel, kept by a friend of mine, who, knowing his forlorn condition, resolved to act accordingly. The hour for retiring came, and Mr. F. was assigned to No. 74. Repairing thither, what was his surprise and delight to find, sweetly slumbering there a maid, fairer to his infatuated sight than aught he had ever seen before! Long he gazed, while the hours flew swiftly by. Could he but catch a glimpse of her face—but no, that was turned away from him. He locked the door; a thought had struck him—she should not escape from him now. The parson did not live far off; he would carry her there and be married before the morning revealed his age. I will not disclose further. Suffice it to say, the landlady found in the morning he had run away with a girl made out of her nightgown, a roll of matting, a broomstick, and a pair of tongs!"

COURTIN' IN THE COUNTRY.

BY H. ELLIOTT McBRIDE.

Zekiel gets the "chores" done,
He feeds the hogs and pigs,
Tends to the cows and calves,
Then he gets on his "rigs."
Young tow-heads around him
Shouting out like fortun',
Saying they'll bet a cent
That Zeke's getting on his Sunday-go-meetins just to go a courtin'.

Zeke marches to the place;
He knocks and hears "Come in!"
They're all glad to see him,
They take his shawl and pin.
Zeke, after looking round,
Squats on the proffered seat;
He hasn't much to say,
Consequently he doesn't say much; but all the time he keeps a lookin' at his feet.

The old gentleman talks
Of horses and the crops;
And the old lady asks
About his mother's hops.
She also friendly asks
What butter they have churned?
Zekiel gets uneasy,
And he mentally ejaculates: "Hops, butter and things be derned!"

Old folks keep a talkin',
Crickets keep a buzzin',
Sally looks at Zekiel,
Zekiel keeps a fussin';
Sally thinks it's bedtime,
And Zekiel thinks so too;
And old folks seem tickled
and keep a looking at each other, and then at Zeke and Sally, as if they knew a thing or two.

The old man pulls his boots,
And travels off to bed;
The old lady's yawning
And tying up her head.
Zekiel's feeling tickled,
Feeling kinder funny;
He thinks the time has come
For him to pop the question, get a wife and commence a layin' up the money.

Now the old folks are gone,
But Sal is still a knittin';
Zeke fidgits all around
And steps on a kittin.
She asks him why so mum?
And Zekiel hums and haws;
He gives an awful cough,
Then he crosses his legs, then he uncrosses them, and then he says "Because!"

Zekiel clears his throat,
Then hitches up his chair;
Sally looks slantin', like
As if she didn't care.
Zeke clears his throat again,
Again he hitches near;
And Sal, the little pet,
After knitting to the "middle of the needle," lays away her stocking and looks as if she wouldn't "skeer."

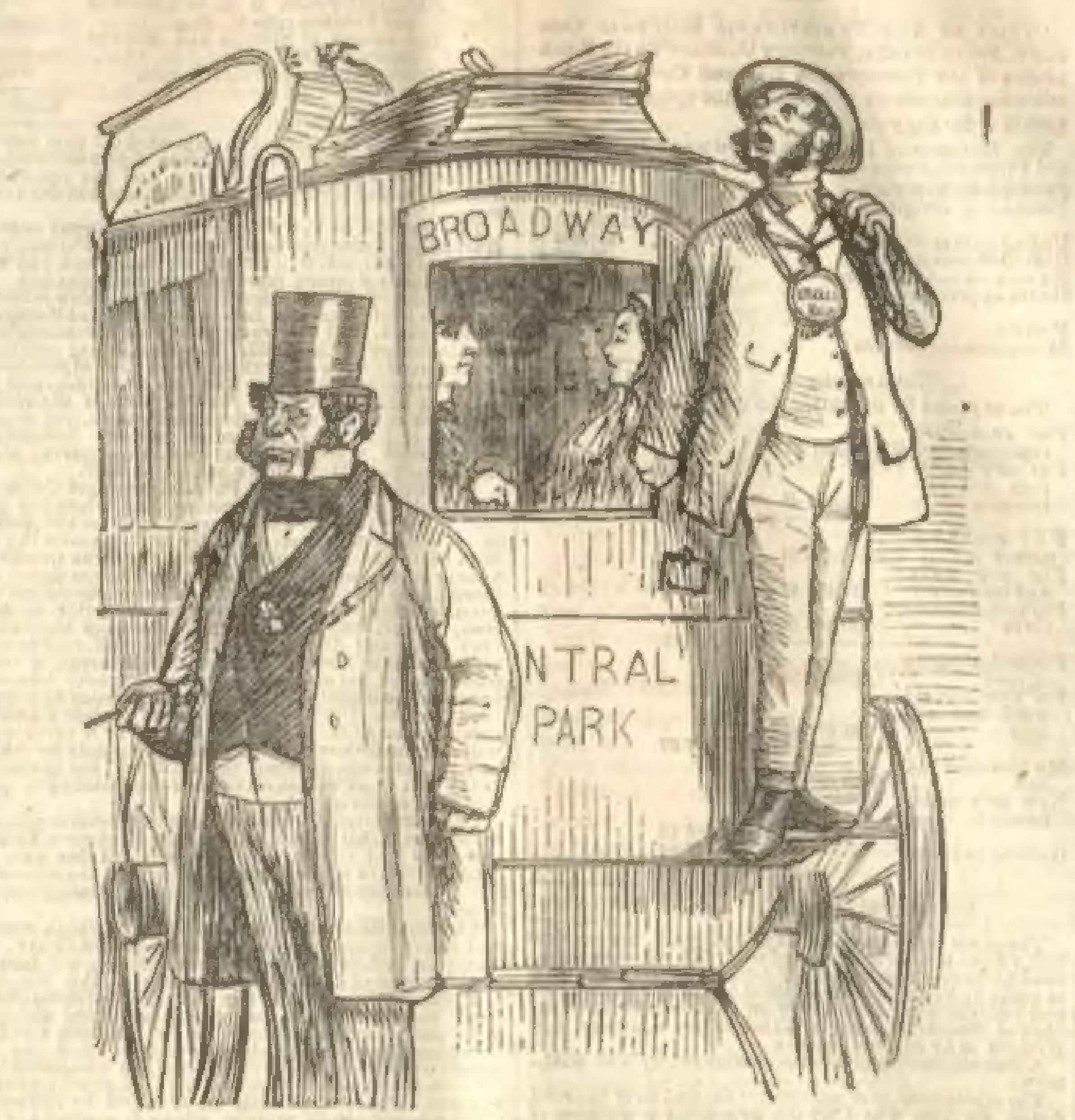
Zeke at once "pitched right in,"
Flung his arms around her;
Said that she must be his,
She'd not get a sounder.
Zeke kept a holdin' on
And swore his fate he'd know;
While Sal could but utter,
"Zeke Jones, I'll tell you what it is, I can't stand it, and I won't let you hug me so!"

But Zeke vowed and declared,
By all things good and bad,
He never would "leave go"
Till an answer he had:
He declared he loved her,
And his love was growin';
She modestly replied:
"Zeke Jones, I would like mighty well to believe you; but I'm most awfully afraid you're blowin'!"

"I'll be dogged if I am!"
Shouts Zekiel, all in joy;
"Do you think I would lie—
Think I'm a lyin' boy?
Oh, won't you have me, Sal?
I'll tell you what it is—
If you won't have me, Sal,
I'll go right off to the wars, and some day there will be a big cannon-ball come along and take off my head cher biz!"

"Oh, yes, I'll have you, Zeke,
Can't let you go away;
But, Zeke, you'll have to see
What pa and ma will say."
When Zeke this answer got,
He trotted off "to hum,"
And tickled was so much,
He couldn't sleep a wink that night without dreaming of the good time to come.

☞ "Where a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has once married with a congealing heart, and one that beats responding to her own, she will never want to enter the maratime state again."



IRASCIBLE GENTLEMAN.—"Don't answer me, sir! I repeat the omnibus is in a disgustingly filthy statesir—the cushions are damp—abominably damp—IshallIshall—make itmybusiness to complain to the company—I'll I'll—write to the Her——"

DRIVER (impatiently).—"Now, Bill, what's the matter, who 's you got there?"

CONDUCTOR.—"Oh, only the Hemperor o' Roosher!—All right!"

THE SCHOOL HOUSE.

Teachers and parents should make it a duty to see that the circumstances under which children study are such as shall leave a happy impression upon their minds. Young scholars will gradually and unconsciously become like what they most look upon. Little children are wonderfully susceptible for good or evil.

2. Shabby school-houses induce slovenly habits. Unswept floors indicate cobwebby brains. Ill-made benches not only warp and dwarf the body, but, by reflux influence, the mind as well. Why are children so often discouraged and even disgusted at school? Because the school house seems as a prison, and the furniture as instruments of torture.

3. No matter how old or unfashionable your school-house—keep it clean. Hide its sombre walls with pictures, embower its weather-beaten exterior with flower vines, and decorate its yards with shrubbery. Then the birds will come singing welcomes to your children. Then the young immortals that enter its door will be won by love and beauty. They will be enchained as if by sweet magic, and their minds will be awakened to learning and virtuous instruction, with links of gold brightening and strengthening for ever and ever.

WORSHIP GOD WITH FLOWERS.—Flowers are the memories of childhood, which accompany us from the cradle to the grave. I left my birthplace at the age of seventeen, yet the peonies, tulips and roses of my mother's garden are pictured in my mind with a vernal freshness. Teach your children to love flowers, and they will love home and all its inmates. Beautify the grounds around your dwelling with rich foliage, plants, and the bright blossoms of sweet flowers, and the faces of all who look upon the scene will be lighted with smiles, while their hearts will worship the great Giver of all good and perfect gifts to man. If I could be the means of creating a general taste for gardening and love of flowers, I should feel as though I had been of more benefit to my country than all the military heroes of the present age. Worship God with flowers. As He loves all that is beautiful and good, so will He love you as you make your home lovely.

DIDN'T KNOW MUCH.—A certain green customer, who was a stranger to mirrors, and who stepped into the cabin of one of our ocean steamers, stopping in front of a large pier glass, which he took for a door, he said—

"I say, mister, when does this here boat start?"

Getting no reply from the dumb reflection before him, he again repeated—

"I say, mister, when does this here boat start?"

Incensed at the still silent figure, he broke out:—

"Go to thunder, you darned sassafras-colored, shock-headed bull-calf! You don't look as though you knew much anyhow."

☞ Modern science is literally making "the desert to blossom as the rose." In the great desert of Sahara in 1860, five Artesian wells had been opened, around which vegetation thrives luxuriantly; thirty thousand palm trees and one thousand fruit trees were planted, and two thriving villages established. At the depth of a little over five hundred feet, an underground river or lake was struck, and from two of them live fish have been thrown up, showing that there is a large body of water underneath.

☞ A "big Injun" having strayed from the camp, found himself lost on trying to return to it. After looking about, he drew himself up and exclaimed, "Injun lost!" but recovering himself, and feeling unwilling to acknowledge such short-sightedness, continued, "No, Injun no lost—wigwam lost; (striking his breast) Injun here!"

Agricultural.

FORESTS A NECESSITY OF FERTILITY.—The value of forests to a country in retaining moisture is well illustrated by the late severe freshets of the Connecticut valley. The snow melts quicker in an open country, and is retained longer among the groves. Formerly the Connecticut River and its tributaries were clothed with forests; now they are largely denuded, and we have reason to expect greater freshets than formerly. The present barrenness of Greece and Palestine, as contrasted with their former fertility, is similarly accounted for. Dr. Unger, a celebrated naturalist of Vienna, claims that the climate lacks its original moisture. He says that the hordes of warriors that have followed each other for centuries on that soil have burned up the forests, and every effort of nature to make restoration is subdued by a superabundance of goats. The population live on the products of the goats, and the goats crop every twig, thus bringing barrenness. If the forests should ever again grow, Dr. Unger thinks that fertility would be restored.—*Scientific American.*

HOW TO FEED TURKEYS.—A lady subscriber of Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, describes her method of feeding turkeys, in the American Agriculturist:—A trough is made by nailing two boards together, with end pieces extending three inches above the trough; upon these nail a cover. Set this trough firmly on legs two and a half feet from the ground. The turkeys can reach it, and get their heads in. Chickens cannot; neither can they better their condition by flying up upon the trough. She adds:—"I keep corn, or mush always in it, and the turkeys eat whenever they are hungry, and will fatten much sooner than when the feed is thrown on the ground. I have fed over fifty the past season, the young ones of which weighed, gobblers eighteen to twenty-three pounds, hens twelve to fifteen pounds, and they were not of the large breed either."

KEEPING HORSES' FEET AND LEGS IN ORDER.—If I were asked to account for my horses' legs and feet being in better order than those of my neighbor, I should attribute it to the four following circumstances: First, they are all shod with a few nails, so placed in the shoe as to permit the foot to expand every time they move; second, that they all live in boxes, instead of stalls, and can move whenever they please; third, they spend two hours, daily, in walking exercise, when they are not at work; and fourth, that I have not a headstall or trace chain in my stall. These four circumstances comprehend the whole mystery of keeping horses' legs fine, and their feet in sound working condition up to old age.—*Miller.*

BULLS.—Train young bulls to the yoke. In a single yoke, or harnessed with gear, much labor may be done by a bull. He will be quieter for it, a better stock-getter, and much less dangerous in every way. A bull's will should always be controlled, and his anger never excited. Insert a ring in the nose of unmanageable animals.

FOOD AND TREATMENT FOR HENS.—Linseed meal is found to be a great promoter of egg-laying. Mixed with scalded meal or shorts, or with sour milk, it is readily eaten, and is a good substitute for animal food and insects. Hens like Indian corn better than any other grain, and it is their cheapest food. For confining hens, a covered room with a dry earth floor, is much better than an open yard, which the rain keep in a filthy state much of the time. With sand to roll in, hens may be confined under cover the whole season. Half an hour before sunset they should be let out to range over the yard and garden. They will then be too busy picking grass, gravel, &c., to scratch and do mischief, being always in a hurry to return to the roost before twilight. Hens thus kept will more than twice pay for their keeping, if not too old to lay well. Two or three day's imprisonment in a coop will break up Black Spanish hens from sitting, and they soon commence laying again if properly fed. It is only profitable for a villager to raise a few early chickens to renew his laying stock, as chickens are great and increasing feeders, eating when half grown, much more than old fat hens.

Useful Receipts.

GREASE STAINS IN SILK.—A sure and safe way to remove grease-stains from silks is to rub the spot quickly with brown paper; the friction will soon draw out the grease; or, lay the silk upon a table with an ironing-blanket under it, the right side of the silk downwards; put a piece of brown paper on the top, and apply a flat-iron just hot enough to scorch the paper. I have found this recipe more efficacious than any scouring-drops ever compounded.

CHEAP AND GOOD.—Take the stalks of cabbage, scrape them, leave them in water all night, and the next day cook them like vegetable marrow, and they will be found delicious. A cheap delicacy, truly.

FOR LEATHER.—The application of castor oil to new boots render them as soft as a buckskin glove. It is also the best application that can be made to render a new boot waterproof.

TOOTHACHE.—A writer in the Lancet, some time ago, tried the application of a small piece, about the size of a pin-head, of stick caustic (citrate of silver) in the hollow of a decayed tooth, from which he was suffering extreme pain. To his great surprise the pain instantly ceased on the caustic touching the nerve, and he had not a return of the toothache for twenty-four hours. He had occasion to make a third application of the caustic; but since that time, now some months ago, he has not been troubled with toothache. This cure, he thinks, will be found ineffectual if gum-boils accompany the toothache; for in that case the decayed part of the tooth is on the outside of it, and therefore the application of the caustic to the interior of the tooth can do no good.

POWDER OF MILK.—The powder of milk, added to water, forms an agreeable drink, and an excellent substitute for milk:—Milk, two pints; water, one ounce; sugar, one pound. This mixture is then to be gently heated and constantly stirred. When it is three-fourths evaporated, the sugar is to be gradually added and the whole briskly stirred. After it is perfectly incorporated, the mixture is to be removed from the fire, poured into plates, and dried in an oven. When perfectly dry it is to be finely powdered and kept in well-stopped bottles. One or two teaspoonfuls is sufficient for a cup of tea or coffee.

BROWN CHARLOTTE-PUDDING.—Butter a pudding-mould thickly, and sprinkle brown sugar over the butter; cut some thin slices of bread and butter (the butter not to be used sparingly,) and after having cut off the crusts, line the mould with the slices. Choose some good baking-apples, pare them, and slice them as for a dumpling; place them in the mould in layers, and between the layers sprinkle a few slices of candied citron, and the grated rind of a lemon. Add sugar sufficient to sweeten the whole; and when the mould is full, cover the apples with a slice of bread which has been previously soaked in butter melted or oiled before the fire. Put the pudding into a moderately-heated oven, and bake it for three hours. When turned out of the mould, the outside should be brown and crisp.

HOW TO MANAGE STEEL GRATES.—Mix some silver sand with a little sweet oil, and clean the grate a little bit at a time. When done, polish off with a hot chamois. For the best kind of fuel, collect the cinders after they have been sifted, put them into an old basket and pour water over them copiously till they are well washed, leaving them out to dry, or if rainy near the kitchen range. When kindling the fire in the morning use very little wood and coal to cause the least possible smoke, and always replenish the fire with the washed cinders, and never anything else. This is an English recipe for a cheerful, hot fire and a bright clean grate. Perhaps it would apply as well to anthracite as bituminous coal. Every morning rub the grate with the hot chamois, and where the steel is blue or discolored from the heat, clean with the silver sand and sweet-oil.

☞ "Bob, did you go to the mines?" "Yes." "What did you dig?" "I dug home as soon as possible."

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 52 letters.
My 12, 16, 21, 1, 8, 14, is a river in England.
My 25, 7, 17, 5, is a river in Europe.
My 44, 31, 9, 29, 36, 30, 17, 4, is a strait in South America.
My 24, 36, 21, 28, 46, 37, is a cape in South America.
My 18, 6, 30, 10, 49, 38, 31, 14, is one of the United States.
My 46, 20, 17, 10, 30, 27, 34, 15, 40, 39, 22, 31, 30, 5, 11, is a town in Virginia.
My 30, 35, 42, 46, 16, 3, 47, is a group of islands in the Pacific Ocean.
My 18, 51, 37, 2, is a town in Vermont.
My 26, 43, 38, 6, is a town in New York.
My 32, 17, 45, 23, 50, 12, 33, is a county in Iowa.
My 41, 48, 30, 50, 37, 4, is a county in Indiana.
My 52, 48, 24, 17, is a county in California.
My whole is the dying speech and confession of a patriot and soldier.

Ohio. ARTEMAS WARD, Jr.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 1, 7, 5, 13, 4, 10, is an essential member of the body.
My 2, 4, 8, 13, 3, 9, is the craving of our appetites.
My 14, 1, 2, 3, 9, is a volatile fluid.
My 4, 8, 6, 7, 5, should not be severed.
My 8, 7, 4, 5, is a part of speech.
My 16, 7, 4, 1, 2, is a point of the compass.
My 11, 6, 9, 15, is one of the elements.
My whole is a work of art of unusual merit.

Mount Carroll, Ill. ANDROS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first, a good and righteous one,
Was known in ages far agone,
And yet whose wife the Scriptures tell,
A visitation strange befell.

My second rais'd in Eastern lands,
A fragrant leaf, high price commands;
'Tis used in sadness, pain, or glee,
And ever thought a luxury.

My third's a grain we often see,
In home fields springing green and free.
'Tis grown and forms a wholesome food,
And sometimes makes a drink not good.

My whole a scheme of great display,
Now from this state has past away;
And the lean purses it has made,
Tells of much ruin in the trade. EMILY.

Baltimore, Md.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.

My first is a word of reproach given to a worthless man.
My second is one of a group of small insessorial birds.
My third is one of the indications of grief or debility.
My whole is a very desirable thing to have when in sufficient quantity.

Richmond Place, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a letter of the alphabet.
My second is a body of water.
My third is a girl's name.
My fourth is a part of the face.
My fifth is a letter of the alphabet.
My whole is a part of the globe.

Elba, Minnesota. C. JONES.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A cylindrical vessel, whose diameter of base and altitude equals 10 and 16 inches respectively, is to contain a certain quantity of water. Require the number of cubic inches of water so that the interior surface may be a minimum?

GILL BATES.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a wheel in a mill which is 10 inches in diameter, and when in motion makes 56 revolutions per minute. How many actual miles of space will the wheel make in 10 hours—the mill to be going uniformly?

ROBERT J. McBRIDE.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is an absent man the noblest work of God? Ans.—Because he is a *non est* man.

☞ What kind of cradle would be the most uncomfortable for a baby to lie in? Ans.—Scratch cradle.

☞ Why must men who live in attics of necessity be criminals? Ans.—Because they are garret (garote) men.

☞ Why is a barrister like a cat? Ans.—Because he belongs to the *fee*-line race.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

ANCIENT HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—The Saturday Evening Post is instructive, strictly moral, and, best of all, loyal, and well merits its extensive patronage.

☞ Aunt Rosy was dividing a mince pie among the boys, and when Jim, who had wickedly pulled the cat's tail, asked for his share, the dame replied, "No, Jim, you are a wicked boy, and the Bible says there is no peace for the wicked."